

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Statue of Horus at entry to Inner Temple, Edfou, Upper Egypt', by B. G. Thornley: from the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in London

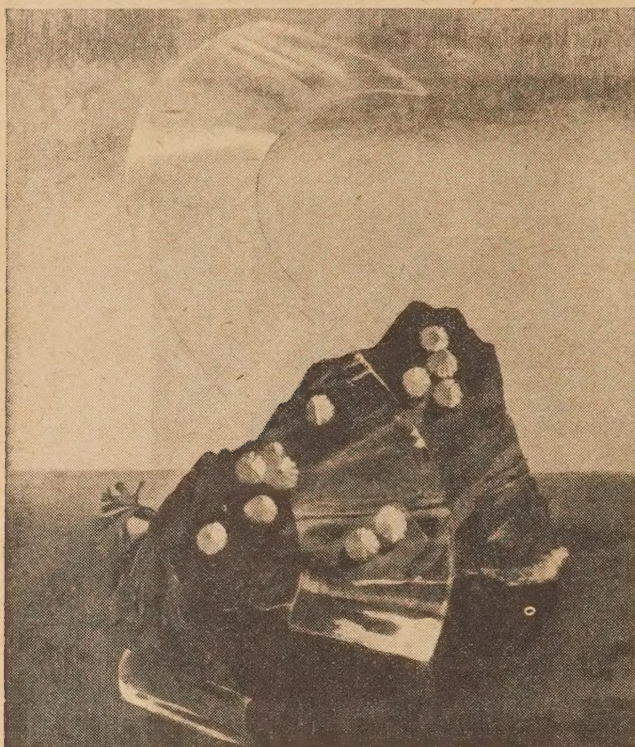
In this number:

Yugoslavia Looks to the West (Vernon Bartlett)

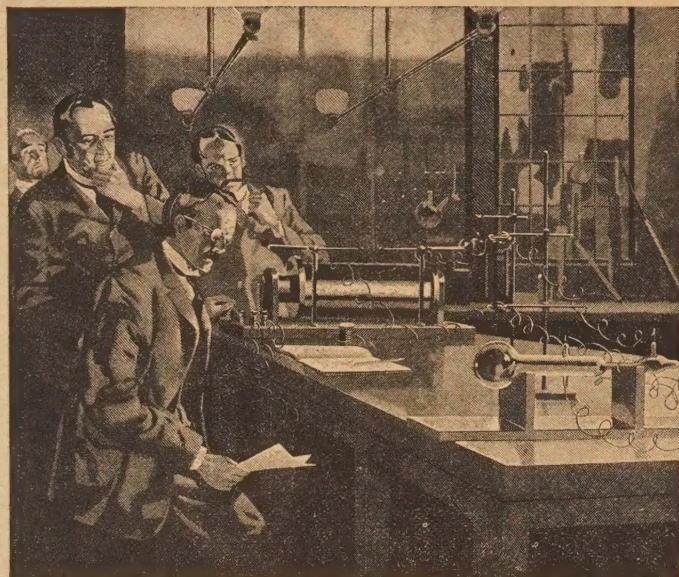
What is Islam? (R. H. Nolte)

Decorative Arts under Queen Victoria (Peter Floud)

LIMPET INK



A LARGE printing house had difficulty in producing an ink that would print satisfactorily on cellulose film and other non-absorbent materials used for food wrapping. Believing that the problem could be solved by using a synthetic resin to bind the ink to the printing surface, the firm asked advice from I.C.I. Dyestuffs Division. They required a pale-coloured, quick drying resin that would be completely soluble in alcohol. In addition, it had to be free from objectionable smell and from any tendency to deteriorate in storage. No available synthetic resin had all these properties. Accordingly, the Division put in hand a series of experiments, but the first two samples produced became unstable during storage. This difficulty was not overcome until the research department had made fifty-two different resins, each of which had to undergo storage tests lasting two months. The final sample sent to the ink manufacturer proved completely satisfactory.



Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed "... matter in a new state ... in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state. ..." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings!

It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research.

Reed

PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD
THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD
POWELL, LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD REED FLONG LTD
E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD REED PAPER SALES LTD

HEAD OFFICE: 105 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

PIONEERS IN MODERN PAPER TECHNOLOGY

The Listener

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1228

Thursday September 11 1952

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		LITERATURE:	
Yugoslavia Looks to the West (Vernon Bartlett) ...	403	The Progress of Criticism—III (Matthew Hodgart) ...	420
Social Change by Motor-Scooter (Riccardo Aragno) ...	405	The Listeners' Book Chronicle ...	433
The Richest State in the World (Lord Kinross) ...	407	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 422	
Research for Plenty—VI (Allan Fraser) ...	415	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
POEM:		Joan M. Winter, H. W. Pritchett, Harold Fisch, G. Herdan, Alan R. White, Victor Dumert, Peter Abrahams, D. J. Enright, Brian Hill, Maurice Browne, Patric Dickinson, G. E. Youlmin, W. W. Marsh, Madge Winterbotham, W. S. Morris, and W. M. A. Jones ... 424	
The Search (Harry C. Haines) ...	409	MISCELLANEOUS:	
THE LISTENER:		Tales from the Pacific Islands—IV (Sir Arthur Grimble) ... 429	
A Fresh Attack ...	410	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	410	Television (Philip Hope-Wallace) ... 438	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... 439	
Portrait of Santiago Today (Viola Garvin) ...	411	The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ... 439	
A Successful Film (R. H. Westwater) ...	411	Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 439	
The Flying Train (Douglas Stuart) ...	411	MUSIC:	
A New Park for London (Sylvia Gray) ...	412	The Chamber Music of Ernest Bloch (Alan Frank) ... 441	
The Increasing Gannet Population (James Fisher) ...	412	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 443	
RELIGION:		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 443	
What Is Islam? (R. H. Nolte) ...	413	CROSSWORD NO. 1,167 ... 443	
Science and Faith—III (Donald MacKay) ...	419		
ART:			
The Decorative Arts under Queen Victoria (Peter Floud) ...	417		
Our Parish Churches (Alec Clifton-Taylor) ...	428		

Yugoslavia Looks to the West

By VERNON BARTLETT

ONE of my broadcasting jobs in the last few years has been to sum up the international situation at New Year in a programme in the B.B.C.'s Overseas Service. I never have the wisdom to leave out some forecast about the future, but on recent occasions I have had to put rather a large question mark against Yugoslavia. Here was a country whose government was still a communist one, but was more outspoken in its hostility to Moscow than any of the so-called capitalist governments of the western world. Its defences were inadequate, and its armaments had come mostly from Czechoslovakia or other countries east of the Iron Curtain, and could not therefore be renewed. As long as Marshal Tito was alive there would be an encouragement to potential Titos in all other communist countries, and there must therefore be a great desire in Moscow to see him liquidated, which is the polite, modern way of saying 'bumped off'. And there was some doubt whether the western powers would come to the defence of this communist country if it were attacked. For such reasons one could never feel quite confident that the reports of troop concentrations in Hungary or Rumania did not presage another war.

But I wonder how often you have thought about Yugoslavia in the past six months. Once? Twice? Half a dozen times? Far less often, I venture to guess, than during any other six months in the last four years. The Communist Party of Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform a little more than four years ago, and the fact that Tito is still in power has led most of us to pay too little attention to the country, its successes, and its difficulties. Last year I watched the May Day processions in Belgrade. The crowd carried, as usual, hundreds of immense and bearded portraits of Karl Marx and Engels. There were the usual slogans calling on the workers of the world to unite. It was very much like the May Day processions I had seen two years earlier, east of the Iron

Curtain, except that there were no portraits of Stalin and not many of Lenin. And every Yugoslav official I met hastened to assure me that his compatriots, and not the Russians, were the real and true Marxists. The Russians had centralised all power, with the result that they had killed all initiative. They were guilty of what is called 'state capitalist bureaucracy'. The Yugoslavs, on the other hand, were living up to the Marxist doctrine that the state should 'wither away', leaving the workers in control. All this was impressive, but it did not conceal the fact that there was very little in the way of tanks and guns in the procession.

On May Day this year the crowds for the first time saw some of the arms delivered to their government by the United States and Great Britain. There were, for example, thirty Mosquito bombers which flew low above the saluting base, and there were some British tanks. Here was visible and tangible evidence of the importance attached to Yugoslavia, still a communist state, by the non-communists of the western world. Mr. Eden's forthcoming visit to Belgrade will be looked upon as another tribute to this importance. And he will be given a great welcome in a city where, only three years ago, the proper thing for any Yugoslav to do was to glower with extreme unfriendliness at any foreigner from the western world.

I think it really is true that the Foreign Secretary has no formal agenda to discuss—even less so than Mr. Frank Pace, the United States Secretary of the Army, who was there a few weeks ago. He has merely accepted invitations to visit Yugoslavia and Austria. But his visit may be all the more valuable because it has no specific purpose. If he were to go there with some proposal for a change of Yugoslav policy he would arouse suspicion. By going merely as a statesman visiting a friendly country, he may help to create the atmosphere in which changes of policy become possible. For it is difficult for us over here to understand the extremely delicate

position in which Tito was placed when he refused to accept the Russian version of communism. There seems to be no reason to doubt the sincerity of his devotion to communism—after all he spent quite a number of years in prison before the war on account of his political convictions. But the moment the Russians had decided he was a dangerous heretic four years ago they cut off all his supplies and all his markets. His whole five-year plan was in danger of collapse. Even today Belgrade is dotted with the skeletons of imposing but extravagant new buildings which were to have impressed the peasants who stream into the city with the magnificence of communism, and which could not be finished owing to shortage of materials or capital. Tito most desperately needed help.

Marshal Tito's Changes

But it was not easy to get help from the western world, or to accept it even if he could get it. For one thing, the western world was not very anxious to help a regime which went in for the usual communist propaganda about imperialist warmongers, and which maintained the usual communist secret police and forced labour camps. For another, Marshal Tito had to carry his own Communist Party with him; all power, down to the smallest village, was exercised through its members. If its members were to blame him, and not the Russians, for the considerable worsening of the situation, then he was doomed, even though he had won so high a reputation as a national leader during the war. And the changes have therefore been cautious but remarkable.

The secret police has gradually become less of a terror, and the Ministry of the Interior has publicly criticised the severity of their methods. Although a good many critics of the regime, either anti-communists or communists of the Soviet type, are still in prison, that most important safeguard in any society—the right to grumble—has been partly restored. And, as part of the evidence that the withering away of the state is taken seriously, the number of federal ministries was reduced last year from thirty-four to eighteen, to the great satisfaction of everybody except the civil servants who had been working in them. The official policy still favours collectivised farms, but the pressure on the peasants has become very much less, and they now have considerable incentives to bring more food into market. And, on the international side, Tito has changed from refusing all western aid to accepting economic aid, and, at the last—the end of last year—to accepting military aid as well.

These changes, of course, have not taken place without a good deal of heart-burning. They have not aroused hostility in the Communist Party, but they have blunted the keenness of its younger members. The western powers claim that Yugoslavia should do her best to pay for her military and economic aid by exporting more food; the Yugoslavs, on the other hand, would still like to carry through their huge projects of industrialisation, partly because these have a long-term value, but mainly because they are symbolic of the communist revolution, which demands the conversion from agriculture to industry, and which puts the accent rather on the factory than on the farm.

So I think it is fairly safe to guess that one of the subjects Mr. Eden will discuss with Marshal Tito will be the use to be made of help that comes from Britain, and it is perhaps significant that, within the past few weeks, the Yugoslav leader has been telling his own people that they could not afford what he called 'megalo-maniac plans' and that more money must be devoted to agriculture. But Mr. Eden, after all, is Foreign Secretary, and he will be talking mainly about Yugoslavia's foreign policy. It is quite a remarkable subject for discussion. When the country was expelled from the Cominform, the government was engaged in a bitter quarrel with Austria over the frontier, and the treatment of Yugoslavs living in the Austrian province of Carinthia. Its relations with Italy over the Free Territory of Trieste were about as bad as they could be. It was practically in a state of war with Greece, and its relations with Turkey were as unfriendly as those between

countries on different sides of the Iron Curtain seem destined to be. How different is the situation today. Within the past few weeks, the Austrian Foreign Minister has been welcomed on an official visit to Belgrade, and there is now no friction between the two countries. Relations with Greece have so improved that Tito said only a few days ago 'There is nothing to separate our countries'; a Yugoslav military mission is about to visit Athens and possibly Ankara; and there is even some talk of joint manoeuvres along a frontier where, so short a time ago, the only shots fired—and there were quite a number of them—were being fired in anger.

Greece and Turkey are members of N.A.T.O. Yugoslavia is not but the gap is now rather one of words than of substance. Rather unexpectedly, she uses exactly the same argument for refusing to sign a treaty as Sweden has used, namely, that it would give the Russians a pretext—in Marshal Tito's words—to allege that we are preparing war against them'. But this no longer prevents Yugoslavia from accepting all the military aid from the west that she can get.

In 1940, in face of the German threat, the Balkan countries that were still unoccupied hesitated to make an alliance which Hitler might consider provocative. The result was that he picked them off one by one. Now, in face of a rather similar threat from Russia, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey do show every sign of getting together. But there is still one formidable gap in this Mediterranean line of defence. There is no agreement between Yugoslavia and Italy. Feeling in the two countries runs so high over Trieste that Mr. Eden will be very cautious in offering any suggestions. But throughout history invaders from the east have poured over the Karawanken Alps, that form the frontier between Austria and Yugoslavia, and have passed through Lubiana to the sea near Trieste. Just where the defences should be strongest, they are weakest. They are weak because there is no just solution of the Trieste problem; the people of each country claim with great fervour that right is on their side. A horrible new phrase has crept into diplomatic jargon in connection with Trieste, namely a 'continuous ethnic line' which, as I understand it, is a line having on one side nothing but Slavs and on the other nothing but Italians. Such a continuous ethnic line is quite impossible in the Free City of Trieste, since the city itself is Italian and the villages round it are Slav. Any new frontier would be open to criticism, and would certainly get it.

The Question of Trieste

And the political claim of each government is pretty strong. The Yugoslavs can say that, after all, they were our allies in the last war; that they actually liberated Trieste at the end of it; and that the port would be much more valuable to them than to the Italians, who already have the port of Venice on the Adriatic. The Italians can say that their country is an important member of N.A.T.O., to which Yugoslavia does not yet belong, and that the British and American governments did pledge themselves in March 1948 to support Italy's claim to the whole territory of the Free City, one half of which—known as Zone B—is governed direct from Belgrade although quite a number of its inhabitants are Italian. I believe that a speaker at any kind of meeting in any part of Italy can be pretty sure of arousing enthusiastic applause by some sentence claiming that both zones of Trieste should belong to Italy. I imagine exactly the same sort of thing would happen on the Yugoslav side.

The last time I was in Trieste, the bay—one of the most beautiful I have seen anywhere in the world—was alive with little sailing boats taking part in a regatta. Along the quay of what should be a very busy port sat a dozen fishermen, patient, unsuccessful but happy. Outside a crowded *café* a loudspeaker was blaring 'Night and Day'. I had the greatest difficulty to convince myself that this was one of the world's danger spots. Mr. Eden, I think, would be a very happy man if he could help to make it as peaceful as it looks.—*Home Service*

Social Change by Motor-Scooter

RICCARDO ARAGNO on a recent visit to Italy

ON the first Sunday of my recent visit to Italy my family decided we should all go to visit Giuanin, a first cousin of my father whom we all call uncle. He has a farm at Sant'Albano, a small village near Fossano, in the country round Turin. I had not been there for at least ten years. We all sat round the table and had the usual pantagruelian family lunch. After coffee we went down to admire the garden. My uncle had always been particularly proud of his two lemon trees as they are a very rare thing in this part of Italy. To protect his precious trees against the severe Piedmontese winter he used to put them by the window inside the stable, during the cold season. That reminded me: when I was a boy I used to take the dog cart out after lunch and drive one of the horses round the farms. 'I have not seen your horses yet, zio', I said. He gave me a surprised smile and told me to go into the stable and have a look.

It was thus in my uncle's old stable that I first met at close quarters one of the principal agents of social change in post-war Italy. In front of the old manger, in place of the ponies, stood two, silver-grey motor-scooters—one beautifully clean and shining, the other covered with the familiar ochre mud of the Piedmontese farm roads. Giuanin stood at the stable door enjoying my surprise. He then explained that on his motor-scooter he could make the rounds of his farms in no time. He also pointed out, with amused satisfaction, that 'these things' do not eat when they do not run. And although he now had to do without his horses which he had always loved, he felt that the motor-ponies had some compensation to offer—for they enable his son, Tommaso, a student at the University of Turin, to live at home. Every morning now Tommaso goes by scooter to the railway station in Fossano, where he catches a train to Turin. Every night he gets back to the farm. Thousands of other country boys with motor-scooters do the same. This has worked a minor revolution in the lives of many families in northern Italy whose sons have in the past become strangers to their homes during their years at the university—to return at the end of their studies with a doctorate and a superior attitude towards home, family, and country life in general.

Contempt of town towards country is nowadays rare in England—where every village however remote is connected in a hundred ways with the urban civilisation of which it forms a part. But in Italy the rift between town and country life remains a very real problem to this day; there is no 'in between' stage. The population is sharply divided into town dwellers and peasants, with different habits, needs, standards of life, and ways of thought. In fact, we have probably reached a point where no real progress can be achieved unless these two great groups



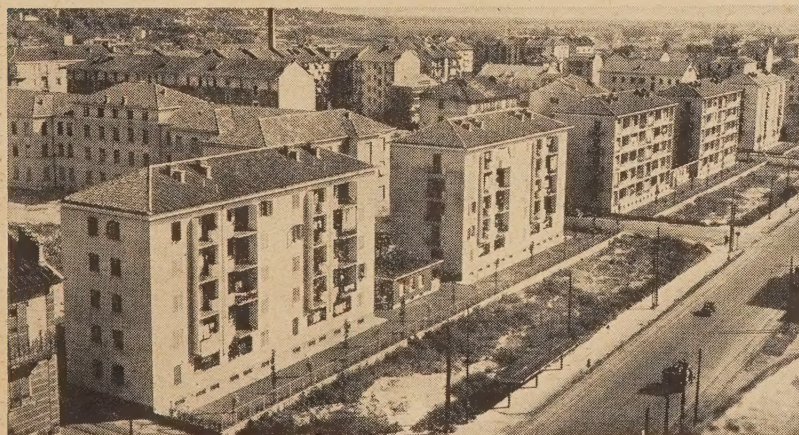
A motor-scooter meeting near Rome

are brought much closer together. The backwardness of the country and the up-to-dateness of industry have caught us in a vicious circle. This pattern of sharp contrast produces not only social tension but also economic stagnation.

In Anglo-Saxon countries the farmer is a good, if not the best, customer of the industries; in Latin countries the peasant is a very poor one. That is, in my opinion, one of the main reasons for many of our economic troubles. But Italy is at last becoming aware of the importance of this problem, and, as I was to realise during my visit, the motor-scooter has in several unexpected ways become a means of solving it. Work apart, everyone in Italy has relatives in the country. On Sunday evening you can see whole families scooting home, father, mother, and two children on one machine, draped in huge bunches of flowers, carrying chickens, lettuces, a few dozen eggs. In a country without the week-end habit all this is a new experience for thousands. The motor-scooter, in other words, represents on one hand a substantial improvement in the standard of life and on the other a great industrial success. It appeared immediately after the war—the first product and at the same time the symbol of reconversion to peace production. It came from the same assembly line in Genoa on which previously four-engined bombers had been produced. It had the mark of precision and inventiveness of the aircraft industry—and it solved two immediate problems: what to do in peace time with a huge war factory and the thousands of skilled workers employed in it and how to provide transport in a country left without any organised services.

The idea itself was not new. It was based on the small motor-cycles that formed part of the standard equipment of the allied paratroops. But in post-war Italy it seemed the answer to a hundred transport problems—among them a not unimportant psychological one; the intense desire of everybody to move about after having felt trapped for years. In its modest way it has repeated the success story of the Model T Ford on the North American continent.

When the motor-car arrived on the Italian market it sharpened social contrasts. Even today to own a car—even a tiny one—is somehow a mark of wealth. There are still less than 1,000,000 car owners in Italy, because somehow cars have remained expensive. But the motor-scooter was born under a different star: it is a social equaliser and does not carry a class label.



Factory-workers' housing estate built on the Fanfani plan at Turin

It is the wide and fairly even distribution of the cheapest means of transportation that points to one of the major changes in the structure of our society, at least in the north of Italy. The professional and clerical classes have—they complain—been 'levelled down'. The industrial worker has certainly been 'levelled up' since the war. It is also true that during the same period a group of rich people have enormously increased their wealth. But my impression was that their number is limited and that too much has perhaps been made of this.

Rise in Working Class Standards

Much more important in the pattern of north-Italian society is the rise in the standard of working class life. Two simple figures support this statement: the lira has now a fiftieth of its pre-war value. In the Po Valley industrial wages have increased sixty-seven times since before the war. The salaries of civil servants and teachers, and old-age pensions have increased much less. The result is that there is now very little difference between 'middle class' white collar workers and 'proletarians'. They travel abreast not only on the road, but also in most items of their family budget. Needless to say, the Italian middle classes are crying their eyes out over this change while the workers themselves, very wisely I would say, show no sign of adopting middle-class mentality.

The motor-scooter is by no means the only agent of social change which I found in my tour of northern Italy. But, before mentioning others, I would like to say something more about its workings. There are now about 1,000,000 of them on the Italian roads, and of many more different types and makes than one sees about in England. Basically, a scooter is just a sturdy bicycle of unconventional design pushed by a two-stroke engine. They range from the small goods-carrying tricycle to the fast sports model. They are noisy and ubiquitous and they have already left their mark on the Italian landscape. You see the signs saying 'Motor-scooter service station' everywhere. They always point to the local bicycle shop which, in an almost club-less country, has in recent years become the meeting place of the local sporting youth. Cycling used to be the popular sport in Italy, particularly in the Po Valley, even more so than football. But in the past five years 'the engine' has become the chief topic of conversation in the cycle shop. The old repair shop itself now includes one more highly skilled worker among its staff, able to deal with a more complicated job. At every filling station a new pump has been installed, containing the special mixture of oil and petrol which these engines use. It is a very small pump especially designed to deal in very small quantities, because the average tank contains only about two litres, rather less than half a gallon. The mixture costs only about two-thirds of the price of ordinary petrol: eighty-two lire per litre, about a shilling. For that shilling you can travel about fifty miles. That of course is the main secret: it is absurdly cheap to run. The machine itself will cost a skilled worker between four and eight weeks of his wages, and the fact that 1,000,000 scooters have been sold in the past five years suggests—at least indirectly—that on the average salary the Po Valley worker can save reasonably well.

Secondary industries have mushroomed in the scooter's wake. You can see the effect in hatters' shops for instance, where 'special peaked motor-scooter skull-caps' are advertised. Then there are the special overalls for cooler days, in a sky-blue cotton gaberdine. They are sold in pairs, so that husband and wife or boy and girl friend can form a homogeneous picture on top of the machine. And when it comes to accessories there is practically no limit to what can be added to the basic machine. There is plenty of opportunity, then, in the old village cycle-shop to realise that very modest ideal of the industrial revolution: diversity in uniformity.

Gas Stove Replaces Charcoal Fire

In many of these same cycle shops you will also find another instrument of social change in the shape of heavy black cylinders standing at the back of the shop—liquid gas. The change which this new fuel has brought with it is far less noticeable to the visitor, for it has happened behind the scenes—mainly in the privacy of people's kitchens; but it is nevertheless a very real change. For outside the big cities all cooking and heating has for centuries been done with nothing but charcoal. Now, even in the remotest village, the charcoal fire is giving way to the gas stove. But the nation-wide distribution of liquid gas is only one result of a much more far-reaching event that took place about three years ago: the discovery of oil in the Po Valley. In a country

which boasts only two small coal mines this discovery was momentous indeed. What is more, it happened at a very critical moment, just after Italy had had to adapt most of her coal-burning furnaces to the use of American coal. Traditionally, of course, Italy imports British coal. But Britain in the midst of her 1949 crisis was not in a position to export; nor was Germany. So you can imagine the impact of this news on a coal-starved country. The oil was found at Cortemaggiore, a small village in the flat plain near Piacenza.

It forms a subterranean oil lake overlaid by a vast quantity of compressed gas. This gas is ready for use as fuel without processing of any kind. It is a perfect substitute for coal gas and can be used for anything—except suicide. Since the discovery, pipelines have been laid in every direction along the main roads. So far, they reach out to the districts around Milan, Turin, and Venice. Many industries have already converted their furnaces to burn this gas. Not only is it cheaper than the best coal but it also produces much higher temperatures. And, of course, it does not cost a penny of foreign currency. There are good grounds for hope, I am told, that similar discoveries may soon be made in Sicily. These discoveries have had a very important psychological effect. For generations Italians have been told that theirs is a poor land—a land 'with nothing underneath'. This argument has been used assiduously by governments, by the church, and by the rich to explain away Italian mass poverty. Now that this theory has been so badly shaken fewer people are ready to accept its implications.

The least colourful but perhaps most important agent of social change in Italy is the Fanfani Plan. This is a national housing plan launched in 1948 by a dynamic university professor from Florence by the name of Fanfani, a member of de Gasperi's government and a progressive Christian Democrat. Under his plan the state requires industrial undertakings, local authorities, and other private or public bodies to work out their own housing schemes. The state finds part of the money. The rest is provided by the local body which has control over its own plans. This plan has almost every advantage if you look at it through Italian eyes. It is a central plan which yet does not give too much power to a none-too-efficient bureaucracy. It provides state funds for building purposes but at the same time relies on assistance from industry to invest part of their money in the scheme. Although mainly aimed at the working classes the Fanfani Plan benefits the salary earner, as well.

Bold and Realistic Methods

Its method of financing is bold and realistic, for it exploits one of the weaknesses of our social and economic life, the general lack of trust in saving, particularly among the wealthy. The Fanfani Plan induces them to bring out their hidden reserves by a neat psychological trick. For it takes account of the fact that no Italian would dream of paying taxes in order to subsidise the housing scheme of a local or central authority which he does not trust but will gladly pay out a much larger sum as long as the job is done under his name and control. In a country where central planning is not held in great esteem this particular central plan leaves those who have to contribute to it with the happy illusion that it is merely an extra stimulus to private enterprise. The formula has worked. In northern Italy, at any rate, dwellings of all shapes and sizes are going up everywhere. And the major undertakings far from boycotting the plan now rival each other in improving on the minimum housing standards laid down by it. The fact is that each of the four or five major industrial concerns of northern Italy likes to run a kind of private welfare state.

The total number of dwellings built under the Fanfani Plan is now about 150,000, a figure far surpassing all forecasts. This is a remarkable achievement, all the more so since the market has at the same time been saturated with privately built houses of a more expensive kind and the building industry has also had to cope with the reconstruction of bridges, railway stations, harbour installations, and the like. The Fanfani Plan is also beginning to put a new shape on Italian towns. For this is the first time in Italy that rows of houses have been built on a big scale to a standard design. There are aesthetic implications in this new architectural trend which I cannot discuss—just as there were psychological implications in the sudden introductions of the other social changes which I have described. The new rows of houses—reminiscent one of the architecture of the early de Chiricos—seem to form a fitting background to the new pattern of life in the Po Valley, a pattern created by the first impact of mass production on a region of sharp social and economic contrasts.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Richest State in the World

LORD KINROSS on Kuwait

AT the eastern extremity of the Arab world, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, lies the small principality of Kuwait. It is a mud-built city of 150,000 or perhaps 200,000 inhabitants, isolated from its neighbours by a hinterland of desert: an independent sheikhdom which since the turn of the century has been in close treaty relations with Britain. The people of Kuwait were a tribe of Arab nomads who settled here in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the family which led them here—the family of as-Subah—has ruled them in unbroken male descent ever since, with little change in either its patriarchal way of life or its somewhat frugal economic circumstances.

The state of Kuwait has always, in the past been poor, relying for its revenues largely on customs dues of a few hundreds of thousands of pounds per year. Now, all of a sudden, it has become the beneficiary—I had almost said the victim—of a huge access of wealth, amounting to £50,000,000 or £60,000,000 per year. Its desert sands cover an oilfield which has proved to be the largest in the world and which will soon be producing 1,000,000 barrels of oil per day—more than the Persian oilfields ever did. The oil was first exploited in the nineteen-thirties by an Anglo-American concern, the Kuwait Oil Company, and under an agreement signed last year, following the Anglo-Iranian dispute, fifty per cent. of its revenues now go to the Sheikh. Thus, from next year onwards, Kuwait will be, per head of its population, the richest state in the world. It is a transition more dramatic than any fable of the *Arabian Nights*.

The social structure of Kuwait belongs to a period of history corresponding, shall we say, to that of England before the Tudors. Its social elements are threefold: the ruling family, the merchants, and the people. The power of the ruler is absolute. He is chosen from among the members of his family for the purity of his breeding, for his age and therefore for his wisdom, for his capacity to rule, and for his popularity with his people. He rules through the senior sheikhs of his family, his uncles and brothers and cousins, who direct the various departments of state. The state has two police forces, each controlled by a different sheikh, and other sheikhs have their bands of armed retainers. Naturally, as in any feudal society, there are rival factions among them. But the family remains in essence a monolithic structure. No 'Wars of the Roses' have torn it asunder, and the ruler has maintained his authority unimpaired throughout the centuries.

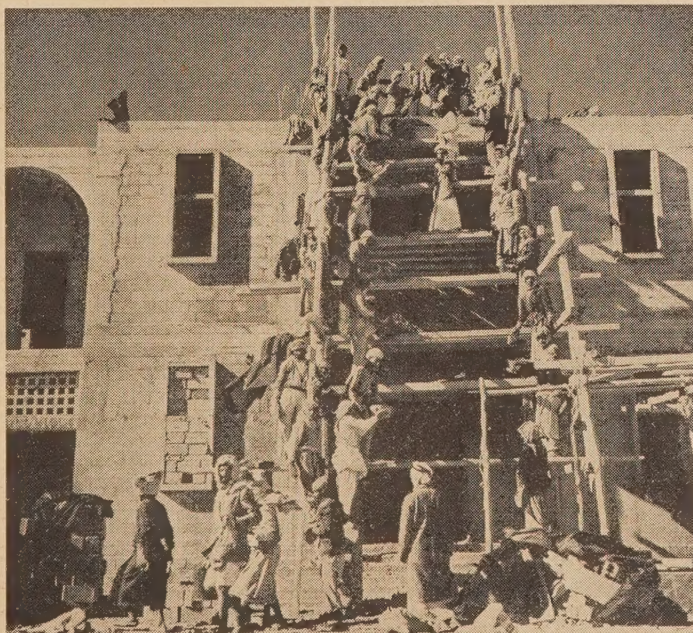
Secondly, there are the merchants, maintaining by their wealth a balance of power in the state, much as the burghers of the city of London did in England. Kuwait, until the Oil Age, has been devoid of natural resources. Hemmed in on three sides by the desert, it has turned towards the sea. The Kuwaitis, almost alone among their neighbours, have developed into a seafaring community. They are 'Sons of Sindbad': sailors, fishermen, pearl-divers. They are renowned for the boats which they build: majestic, timbered *dhow*s, with spreading sails, which for centuries have plied between the Persian Gulf and the Indian and African coasts. Their merchants have built up a flourishing *entrepôt* trade, buying foodstuffs and consumer goods from the Far East and Europe, Australia and the American continent, and re-selling them to the neighbouring countries of Iraq, Persia, and Saudi-Arabia. They are an enterprising mercantile breed, the Persian Gulf counterpart, in a sense, of the Lebanese, with their free port of Beirut on the Mediterranean.

The people of Kuwait have subsisted hitherto on something like the barest Bedouin standard of living. They are spare in build but wiry enough, with much of the hardness of the Bedouin and little of that lethargy common to other Arab peoples. In the bazaars and on the quays there is a quickness—and at the same time a quietness—of tempo, unfamiliar in the Levant or in the valley of the Tigris. The Kuwaitis are, by Arab standards, an energetic and practical people. They are more-over an honest people, and respected as such by their neighbours. The Kuwait merchant is a hard-bargainer, but his word is as good as his bond, and his customer does not demand a contract. Kuwait, amongst other things, is a free market for gold, and on its aerodrome you may see cargoes of gold bars lying unprotected and without the smallest danger of theft. There are few airports in the world of which the same could be said.

Such, then, are the character and institutions of a people now subjected to the sudden impact of a major economic revolution. It is a revolution comparable, in a sense, to that which arose from the great discoveries of precious metals in Europe and America in the fifteenth century. That revolution marked the decline of western feudalism and the emergence of a new social and economic structure. But it took centuries to mature, through the development of capitalism, towards the ultimate, new revolution of the welfare state. Kuwait is to have no such gradual growth. The £60,000,000 of its oil receipts



The Sheikh of Kuwait



Building the new secondary school in Kuwait. Labourers employed on the job include Kuwaitis, Arabs, Persians, and Iraqi

are the personal revenues of its ruler, just as the oil receipts of Saudi-Arabia are the personal revenues of King Ibn Sa'ud. They might well be devoted, as in Saudi-Arabia, largely to the enrichment of the ruling family and its various hangers-on. Capitalism would thus gradually emerge from feudalism, in the classic western manner. But in Kuwait, thanks to the policy of its Sheikh, this is unlikely to happen. The Sheikh of Kuwait is a man of God and a philosopher: a man of austere principles whose personal inclinations are towards the life of the hermit rather than the life of a modern ruler. He has, probably, no great personal belief in the value of material progress as such. On the other hand, he is a liberal autocrat, concerned, as a good Moslem ruler should be, with the welfare of his subjects. Moreover, he sees the march of communism throughout the world, and its threat to the Arab world in particular. Thus he has decided to devote his new-found wealth directly to his people. Kuwait, in effect, in defiance of all political theorists, is to jump direct from feudalism to the welfare state. The Sheikh has ordered the best one that money can buy.

Thus, today, the old, mud-walled city is thronged with curious customers from the west: planners and consultants, contractors and salesmen; and the dust-laden air of the Gulf hums with their jargon; with talk of ring-roads and neighbourhood units, nursery schools and children's playgrounds, and all the familiar material amenities of the twentieth-century Utopia. Already, between the rows of low, mud houses, great double boulevards are being traced, with concrete pavements and one-way traffic lines, roundabouts and parking-places, spaces for fountains and clock-towers and municipal gardens: all to the great bewilderment of the Kuwaiti and the Bedouin. In place of his mud hut he will soon be luxuriating in a thousand-pound prefabricated house, with kitchen, bathroom, and indoor sanitation, all complete. He is to get a handsome minimum wage, with two free meals a day. He is to have a free health service, whose benefits will include the largest air-conditioned hospital in the world. He is to have every modern amenity except the cinema, of which his ruler disapproves.

If all this is to function, if the taps are to run in the prefabricated houses and the fountains are to play in the public gardens, Kuwait must have more water. Until lately all its drinking water came in boats from the Shatt-el-Arab and was hawked through the city in goat-skins. Thus a plant is being built to distil fresh water from the sea, worked by the free surplus gas power from the oilfields, which now blazes wastefully away in the desert, making the skies glow red at night. Eventually, by an agreement with Iraq, it is hoped to pipe water, or perhaps to bring it by canal, from the Euphrates, thus causing 75,000 acres of desert to bloom. The planners talk airily of the mere £40,000,000 which such a scheme might cost, as they talk also of dreamlike experiments to produce air-conditioning by sun-power on the roof of each worker's house, or to produce rain-water from the precipitation of those 'promising-looking clouds' above the Gulf. Such things are not fantasies in a place with the fabulous resources of Kuwait, which might well develop into a kind of 'guinea-pig' state for world scientific and sociological experiment.

Naturally, Kuwait is to have universal education, not only for boys but also, for the first time, for girls. Schools are being built at top speed to replace the old Koranic centres of instruction. A large modern 'public school' for 500 boarders, in five separate 'houses', is rising by the shores of the Gulf: the forerunner of an eventual university. A significant point is that no plan exists to educate lawyers, that class

which can so bedevil the politics of Middle Eastern countries. On the other hand, there is to be a school for technicians: for electricians and carpenters, fitters and plumbers, to help build the brave new city and make it work.

And what happens to the Kuwaiti in ten years' time when it is built? The planners have not forgotten this problem. They realise that Kuwait, apart from its oil, which is worked by the foreigner, is not an industrial country. It has no resources beyond the initiative and enterprise of its people. If they are not to become demoralised, sitting back on their new-found wealth, this initiative and enterprise must somehow be kept alive and diverted into industrious channels. Industry, since it does not naturally exist, must be invented. Paradoxically an industrial class, a natural product of the capitalist society, must be artificially created in order that the welfare state, designed for its benefit, can function. A large new harbour is to be built in the hope that it will stimulate a trade

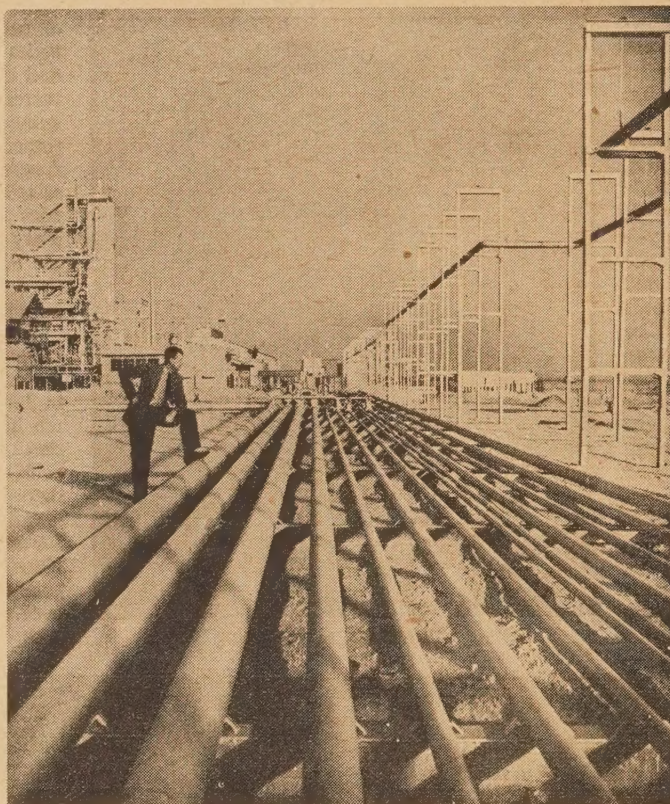
which does not yet exist. There must be factories to can the fish, to make glass from the sands of the desert and boots and shoes from the hides of the Bedouin herds. The oyster of the Persian Gulf might perhaps be persuaded to produce a culture pearl, in competition with his Japanese brethren. Already the ancient *dhow* is being converted into a launch—what the Kuwaitis call a 'lunch'—with an auxiliary engine. Why should they not build modern coastal motor-boats, or, with their maritime instinct, acquire from abroad a fleet of tankers and cargo vessels, and thus develop a carrying trade on a world-wide scale?

Whatever happens, the ruler of Kuwait has formidable problems ahead of him. He has first to create the machinery for carrying out these grandiose plans. He has no council of state and no system of co-ordination between departments, and will presumably have to create some sort of ministerial cabinet, including both merchants and the sheikhs of the ruling family. He has no organised treasury to handle his millions, and no proper budgetary system to account for them. He has, in short, no civil service, in the western sense, merely a somewhat loose administrative organisation, based largely

on the time-honoured Arab principles of patronage and personal allegiances. An administrative and professional class of Kuwaitis will have to be created. Meanwhile, for its civil servants, doctors, teachers, and engineers Kuwait is relying to a great extent on foreign Arabs, mainly Palestinians, British-trained, and driven from their own country by the Jews. In the commercial world there has been an influx of Lebanese, their Phoenician colonial past suggesting that they may have their eyes on Kuwait as a second Carthage.

These foreign elements are likely to provide the first, but by no means the last, source of disruption in this hitherto cohesive medieval society. The Palestinian bureaucracy, essential as it now is, will inevitably come into conflict, sooner or later, with the rising class of educated Kuwaitis. Kuwait, indeed, now faces all those social and political problems which arise logically out of so sudden a leap into the modern industrial world. The Sheikh of Kuwait is, in effect, adopting a social system out of its context. He is trying to graft a socialist shoot on to a feudal tree, with which it has no intermediate affinity. He is doing so in response to the outside pressure of communism, which denies his state a more orthodox growth through the classic stage of capitalism, on the lines laid down by communist theory itself. Can he succeed?

Socially there is no inherent contradiction between Islamic feudalism and the welfare state. The principle of the state's responsibility for the



Pipelines of the Kuwait oil refinery

welfare of its individual members is inherent in Koranic teaching. Good Moslems maintain that the earliest socialist was the Caliph Omar, and that the plutocracy which has since developed in so many Moslem countries represents a degeneration from the principles of the Koran. Economically, the obstacle to the Middle Eastern welfare state lies in Arab individualism. Kuwait is a community essentially founded on free enterprise, and its sheikhs and merchants will be quick to resent all forms of state control in commerce and industry. An early example of this will arise if the Sheikh, in order to prevent inflation and so safeguard the standard of living of his people, finds it necessary to curtail the re-export of foodstuffs, on which the merchants thrive, or to control their prices and therefore the merchants' profits.

Already sheikhs, denied their share of what they regard as the family wealth, have been speculating in land values, staking claims to patches of desert on which the state proposes to build, and demanding compensation at inflated rates. Rivalries between factions, for such a prize as the state now possesses, may well increase as time goes on. New elements will arise, for factions to exploit: a western-educated class, in conflict with its reactionary elders; a working class, jolted out of its traditional ways of life and becoming subject to subversive or xenophobic influences. The Wars of the Roses, in modern terms, may yet take place. The present Sheikh of Kuwait is a disinterested ruler, wedded to his welfare state. Future rulers may be less concerned with the welfare of the people, and the wealth of Kuwait may yet fall into the hands of an evolving capitalist class. Or perhaps the state of Kuwait will evolve its own compromise, between social welfare on the one hand and economic opportunity on the other. At least, there is plenty of money to go round.

Meanwhile, the Kuwait experiment has the benefit of British inspiration and advice. British prestige in the Persian Gulf has of course been shaken, but it has not as yet been seriously undermined by our withdrawal from Abadan. Despite it the Arabs of these Persian Gulf principalities do still look to Britain for leadership and assistance, and the Sheikh is employing a small group of British advisers to devise the plans and to help with their initial execution. They are men with experience of the east, gained in India and elsewhere, and they are approaching their task in that discreet, fraternal spirit with which, in the Arab countries, we must now replace the colonial paternalism of the past. They have yet to tackle the ultimate problem of Kuwait and its wealth. The new state, even in its development stage, cannot hope to absorb more than one fifth, or at the most one quarter, of its

enormous revenues. If next year it spends £20,000,000—an outside estimate—it will still have £40,000,000 unspent, and this annual unspent balance will increase year by year as development passes its peak in a few years' time. Oil, of course, is a wasting asset in the atomic age, and the Sheikh of Kuwait, when he evolves an investment programme, will still require to build up sound capital resources for the future of his people. But this need not absorb all his millions.

A tendency of the present welfare programme may suggest a way of turning them to international advantage. The Sheikh of Kuwait's free schools and hospitals are not intended for his people alone: they are to be thrown open to all his neighbours, to the Saudi-Arabians and the Iraqis, to the Persians, to the Arabs of Bahrain and Muscat, and even to the Arabs of the Levant. Lebanese may fly from Beirut to reap the free benefits of his up-to-date hospitals. Students may come from all the Arab states to attend his schools and eventually his university. Kuwait is to become, in this sense, a kind of godfather state to the rest of the Arab world. If the Sheikh so desired, it could become so on a very much larger scale. Kuwait, in the political sense, has yet to become internationally minded. Limited hitherto by contacts with its immediate neighbours, orientated towards the Indian continent, it is only slowly becoming aware of the Arab world as such. If and when it does so, Kuwait will be in a position to play an important role in the Middle East as a whole.

Oil revenues are dramatically changing the economic balance of the Arab world, dividing it into 'haves' and 'have-nots'. On the one hand are countries like Egypt, Jordan, and Lebanon, which have too many people and not enough money, or like Syria, which has not enough people and not enough money. On the other hand (leaving aside Saudi-Arabia, which is sufficient unto itself) are countries like Iraq and, now, Kuwait, which have not enough people and too much money. The 'haves', if they chose, could redress the balance. Iraq and Kuwait have it in their power to finance the social and economic development of the 'have-nots', creating an Arab bastion against communism without the necessity, so irksome to some Arab states, of invoking American aid. Politically, the Arab world is far from being a whole. Economically, on such a basis, it could become a whole. The money is there. But time is still needed—time to develop, among these new Arab oil powers, that sense of responsibility, first internal then international, which the possession of money demands. Whether, in fact, it does develop will depend largely on one single factor: the right sort of guidance from the west.—*Third Programme*

The Search

Through deserted streets,
As Oedipus lame,
A man came limping
And calling a name.
Ghosts of the city cried,
'Who are you calling for?'
Mocked his footsteps as they died,
'Calling for, calling for'.

A harlot detached
Herself from the arms
Of a long lost love,
And cried, showing her charms
Under a love-torn gown,
'Who are you looking for?'
Came an echo through the town,
'Looking for, looking for'.

At the church he stopped
And called the name.
Through portals of stone
A dead man came
Asking with lips of gold,
'Who are you crying for?'
The bells ironically tolled,
'Crying for, crying for'.

Called the man again
And the night sky wept
For pity of him
And a frail child crept
To touch his hand and said
'Who are you searching for?'
Repeated the child who is dead,
'Searching for, searching for'.

He turned and limped on,
Still calling the name
A statue of truth,
Forged out of a flame,
Was incessantly crying
'No one has passed this way!'
Called the empty streets lying,
'Passed this way, passed this way'.

Then from street to street
His call was sounded,
An echo of despair
By silence hounded.
Outside the city wall
He cried, 'It never shall be found!'
From the desert came a call,
'Shall be found, shall be found!'

HARRY C. HAINES

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The T.U.C. for Russian ears

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

A Fresh Attack

IN discussing 'adult education by radio' in its report published at the beginning of last year the Broadcasting Committee said: 'For several distinct reasons, it is socially important that the B.B.C., in combination with all other authorities interested, in raising the citizen's understanding of the world around him, should make a fresh attack'. As announced last week, the B.B.C. has now decided to discontinue the Forces Educational Broadcasts and to provide within the general framework of broadcasting a number of programmes with a primarily educational intention. Further education is an all-embracing term, but the most important thing is to attract adolescents to the continued acquisition of knowledge. The education of young people after they have left school has always been a tricky problem. H. A. L. Fisher in the Education Act which he introduced at the end of the first German war laid plans for continuation schools, but they were stillborn owing to the economic crisis of 1921. The Education Act of 1944 likewise gave to local education authorities a new responsibility for adult education, but again progress has not been rapid. It is in fact not so easy to induce young people, freed from school discipline and earning a living for the first time, to give up their spare time to further education. In 1928 when the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education was set up, high hopes were expressed that the miracle of radio would do the trick through the instrumentality of discussion groups, but in fact group listening, which depended so largely on finding lively group leaders, never developed to the extent that had been expected and in 1947 the group listening scheme was finally closed down.

In the past three years the B.B.C. has experimented with a number of schemes for special audiences in order to do good in the field of further education. It has consulted over 5,000 tutors, principals of educational institutions, and educational officials of one kind or another and thousands of listeners have taken part in experiments. The new policy that is now being tried out (and will be reviewed after two years) is based on the individual in the home and not, as in the days of group listening, on the relatively few people who join groups, societies, and classes. And the emphasis is to be upon the Light Programme as much as the Home Service. It is of course recognised that all serious broadcasting contributes to further education. The Third Programme has made an excellent name for itself among those who are willing to devote time to intelligent listening. But the Third Programme, on the whole, aims at a more advanced audience than that sought under the old group listening schemes. It has therefore been decided that over and beyond those programmes in the other two Services which have as it were a natural educational content there shall be programmes with a consciously educational intention behind them. Such programmes will start in October.

That, then, very briefly, is the new plan. Some rearrangement of staff duties within the B.B.C. has been made in order to implement it, and the B.B.C. recognises the unique position of the National Institute of Adult Education and proposes to make full use of the services it offers. On the other hand, it does not intend at present to set up a new advisory council. For it is felt that further education is not analogous, for example, to schools broadcasts: further education is part and parcel of the work of the Corporation, is one of the three pillars that justifies its existence. This is the fresh attack on a problem which has long perplexed educationists, but which must be solved if democracy is to survive.

IN VIEW OF THE IMPORTANT TOPICS discussed at the Trades Union Congress, the deliberations at Margate were closely followed and commented upon from behind the Iron Curtain. Home listeners in the U.S.S.R. were informed that the Congress had opened, 'in an atmosphere of further deterioration of the standard of living of workers as a result of the unbridled arms race'. Dealing with the resolutions debated during the first days of the Congress, Moscow radio said:

Many speakers emphasised that the main danger to world peace came from the ruling circles of the U.S.A., and pointed out that contrary to the lying assertions of bourgeois propaganda the Soviet Union is engaged in peaceful creative work.

Reporting on the votes taken on the rearmament resolutions, the same radio declared that:

as a result of the card vote, which enables the General Council to manoeuvre with the votes of the larger trade unions

the General Council had succeeded in getting its report accepted. This was sufficient to prove that:

the right-wing labourite executive of the T.U.C. ignores their (the workers') interests and supports the monopolies which are in favour of continuing the arms race.

As evidence of the alleged detrimental effects of rearmament on British industry, another Moscow commentator drew a comparison between British and Soviet coal-mining. British miners, he declared, were running away from the pits, because of bad conditions. He added:

Coal is extracted with picks and shovels, and transported to the pithead by mules. Pit disasters are a most common phenomenon in British mining, the number of victims amounting to thousands and tens of thousands. The standard of mechanisation is very low, as British industry is engaged in fulfilling arms orders and therefore unable to supply the mines with new equipment.

In a report on the Congress, Warsaw radio described Arthur Deakin as the 'notorious servant of the British capitalists'.

In the west, the French newspaper *Le Monde* passed this verdict on the Margate conference:

The Labour Party will certainly be influenced by a vote of the trade unions which shows how far the British working man is aware of the true situation, the solidarity of his country with its allies, and the sacrifices demanded by national defence.

Two anniversaries were celebrated during the past week—the defeat of Japan, and the invasion of Poland, and both were given an anti-western twist by the communist radio. Moscow radio broadcast these points from a leading article in *Pravda* commenting on the exchange of complimentary messages between Stalin and Mao:

The capitulation of imperialist Japan was made possible by the gallant Soviet army's and navy's crushing defeat, first of the Hitlerite military machine, and then of the main Japanese armed forces. Japan's capitulation meant the end of the second world war. The historic victories of the Soviet people and their glorious armed forces opened a new era in the history of the countries of the Far East.

Another Moscow commentator, dealing with the military aspects of the defeat of Japan, had this to say:

The American-British armed forces were incapable of defeating the Japanese militarists. The rapid advance of the Soviet army and navy in Manchuria and Korea and in the Okhotsk, Japan and Yellow Seas and the rout of the Kwantung army made impossible the further resistance of Japan, and she was forced to capitulate, and the seat of war in the Far East was eliminated.

The commentator added that having routed the Japanese forces, the Soviet Union had recovered the 'ancient Russian lands, Southern Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands' which henceforth would serve not as 'means of isolating the Soviet Union from the ocean and as a base for a Japanese attack on our Far East, but as a direct link for the Soviet Union with the ocean and a base for defending our country against Japanese aggression'.

Commenting on the outbreak of the second world war, Moscow radio, in a broadcast to Britain, stated that Britain need never have declared war against Germany if the United States had not provided Hitler with arms. It added that the western rulers were entering once again on the course of steering Germany against the U.S.S.R.

Did You Hear That?

A PORTRAIT OF SANTIAGO TODAY

VIOLA GARVIN RECENTLY SPENT two-and-a-half years in Chile and described the capital, Santiago, in the course of a Home Service broadcast.

'Santiago', she said, 'lies in a wide plain, ringed with mountains; at the end of every long, straight street you see them hanging between heaven and earth, dream-like, mysterious and inscrutable. They lift the heart—so remote their stillness is from the agitation and bustle of human affairs. And the snowy ranges of this Cordillera, or chain of the Andes, crisp the air and purify the light, so that tall, modern, concrete buildings—shops or flats or business houses—seem to reflect the very whiteness of those far-off snows. Up and down clank the funny, noisy trams. Hoarse-voiced church-bells clang and jangle. The wide central thoroughfare was actually once called the *Hamida de las Delicias*, or Avenue of Delights.

'I used to stand here, gazing tirelessly at the rose-red walls of the old church of San Francisco glowing against the backcloth of snows. The tall tower reaches up like a ship's mast, and, ship-like, the ancient fabric serenely rides the traffic and the tumult washing round her. Trees lining the avenue are putting out green leaves now—and nowhere will you see brilliance such as the leaves have in Chile. They are gleaming, radiant. Along on the left is the hill of Santa Lucia; the Japanese peach trees will be in flower there now, delicate petals dancing in the dancing light, the bronze leaves firing to ruby where the sun glances through them, and the mimosas are in flower, too, and scenting all the air; and at every corner are flower-sellers in from the country, their baskets crammed with dewy bunches of violets, cyclamen, narcissus, daffodils, freesias, lilies-of-the-valley, and the first early roses.

'On the other side of the avenue are one or two old-fashioned streets. One-storey or two-storey houses—they are built so for fear of earthquakes—hug their seclusion here still. Red tiled roofs project over colour-washed walls; iron grilles screen the few windows that face the street; life, in these houses, derived from old Spain, is lived within; but sometimes you come on a wrought-iron gateway and, peering through it, you can catch a lovely glimpse, beyond a shady corridor, of a secret, sunlit *patio* with slender-pillared balconies looking down on



View of Santiago from the hill of Santa Lucia

to orange trees in fruit and flower together—and how sharply, poignantly fragrant they are in the charmed silence of the afternoon.

'The Plaza, or great square, has seen all Chilean history unfold. Two sides are arcaded and gay little booths under the arches sell everything there is from hot-dogs to nylons. On a third is the mellow-faced cathedral; inside, it is vast, austere, dim, but always welcoming. The post office and other municipal buildings occupy the fourth. There is a garden in the centre of the Plaza where little paths twist among clear

pools, flower-beds and grass as green as a parrot's feather; fountains play there, tossing up light spray to the tiny shining leaves; gold-skinned, dark-eyed children play too, rushing here and there and intent on their secret game. And the military band plays, giving out waltzes, marches, numbers from Italian opera with cheerful precision. But what makes the Plaza the drawing-room of the city is the wide red and white pavement that encircles the gardens. Older people sit and take the spring air comfortably here, on the seats that line it—smoking cigarettes, reading the paper, feeding the merry sparrows and ungainly doves that hop and waddle about their feet. By the curb shoe-shine boys wait to brush you up for Sunday, and round and round stroll the pretty *señoritas*, their beautifully dressed, thick, dark hair brimming with copper lights caught from the southern sun—and their habit of going hatless. Today, if it is warm, they may be out in their new spring dresses, or perhaps they are still elegantly wearing those long, loose coats in every colour almost like carnival dominoes. It is a joy to watch them go by, so neat, lively, and independent these girls are, in a land of natural freedom'.

A SUCCESSFUL FILM

'Three years ago', said R. H. WESTWATER in the Scottish Home Service, 'I had the honour of reviewing a remarkable film on the art of Rubens, directed by M. Henri Storck. I said then that I could not imagine film being used with more enlightenment about painting, but the thing has been done. It needed M. Storck himself, however, to excel his own standard. His new film, "The Open Window" (shown at the Edinburgh Festival) cannot really be compared with the earlier one, because it sets out to do something quite different in a quite different way; and how magnificently it succeeds!

'Instead of concerning itself with one master's work, "The Open Window" treats of European landscape-painting over a period of several centuries. To do so, fifty-nine separate works have been utilised, and it is one of the many extraordinary features of the film that, although it runs for only seventeen-and-a-half minutes and although these masterpieces are by no means simply thrown on to the screen in a swift, uninformative succession, there is no sense of undue haste or over-compression.

"The Open Window" does not overtly instruct, though it has an admirably unobtrusive and well-written commentary. On the surface it merely delights; but in fact and in the most subtle, well-contrived way, it is packed with instruction. Indeed, it is safe to say that any layman will reach a better conception of landscape-painting by seeing it once, than he would do by any number of the usual casual visits he might pay to picture galleries over a long period of years.

'The film is in colour, and is by far and away the best in this respect that has ever been done. I cannot begin to tell you the fascinating details about how this was achieved: of how M. Storck would telephone from gallery to laboratory, or dash between one and the other in a taxi, with eyes tight shut, to retain a true and undisturbed image; of the specially devised photo-electric cell by which saturations of colour were actually measured, and so on. But the result is one which even a painter cannot easily fault.

'The landscape of the Netherlands, of France, and of Britain is unfolded with a quite wonderful sense of its underlying unity of weather and light and character, and with a complete exposition of the intricate inter-relation between the art of the different countries and periods'.

THE FLYING TRAIN

For the last few months, railway engineers in Germany have been putting the finishing touches to a scale model of a train which may revolutionise railway travel. The model will make its first trial run over a specially laid track near Cologne next month. DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Bonn correspondent, spoke about it in the Home Service. 'This track consists of a single rail', he said, 'supported on concrete pillars

and the train is expected to reach a top speed of over 200 miles an hour. The engineers say that if the model tests are successful, they will begin experiments with a full-sized train during the course of next year. The train is streamlined and runs on specially constructed wheels. Both the engine and the coaches, which are built of very light metal, overlap the single track on both sides. But the inventors claim that they have made the train in such a way that there is no danger of it toppling over. They also say that it will be able to carry as many passengers and as much freight as an ordinary train, although it will move at the speed of an airliner. The model is electrically driven; the full size train, however, is likely to be powered by jet engines'.

THE INCREASING GANNET POPULATION

'The gannet', said JAMES FISHER in a Home Service talk, 'is the biggest seabird of our ocean—adults weigh seven-and-a-half pounds, and have a six-foot wing-span. The general gannet population has been steadily increasing. It is probably nearer 100,000 nests than 80,000 or 120,000.

'The biggest colony in the world is on the great cliffs of St. Kilda, the lonely group of islands fifty miles west of the Outer Hebrides, whose human population left it over twenty years ago. There were 17,000 nests on the St. Kilda stacks in both 1939 and 1949, perhaps one-sixth of all the world's gannets. There is another lonely rock called Sula Sgeir, about the same distance north of the Outer Hebrides. It is the only place in Britain where the gannetry is still raided annually by humans, who take a crop of young gannets for food. Gannets, as you know, only rear one young one in a year, and the men at Sula Sgeir often take about half of the annual output of the colony, over 2,000 young ones, from some 4,000 or 5,000 nests. I used to think that this was overdoing it, but even slow-breeding species like gannets and fulmars can spare half their annual output of young if the fowling go about their work in the traditional way at the proper season and with the proper care. However, this does not affect the gannet much, as there are only three out of the twenty-nine colonies at which fowling still goes on.

'There are some other large gannetries in Britain. Off the south-west corner of Ireland there is a huge one, on a lonely rock called the Little Skellig, which now has over 10,000 nests, and may be the second biggest gannetry in the world. It is rather inaccessible, but there are big and ancient gannetries of about half the size in the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Clyde, on the Bass Rock and Ailsa Craig. These have been known for hundreds of years. And there are two colonies in Shetland that are now nearly as big and getting towards the 4,000 nest mark, which are relatively new. They were founded during the first world war, in 1914 and 1917, on the islands of Noss and Unst. Incidentally gannets inhabit practically the northernmost rock of the British Isles.

'These Shetland colonies have increased so rapidly that they must have been colonised continually by individuals from outside. We do not yet know where these gannets have come from. There is a colony west of Orkney on a rock called Sula Stack, which at one time I thought was overflowing, just no more room on the rock, and some have come from here. Others may have come from the Faeroes or from Iceland—we just do not know.

'In the last century the headquarters of the gannet appears to have been in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when there may have been over 100,000 nests on one rock over 100 years ago. Owing to persecution, however, the world population sank to only about 50,000 nests in the eighteen-nineties. The recovery from this to 100,000 nests in less than sixty years has been extraordinarily rapid for such a slow-breeding bird

as the gannet, and is undoubtedly due to bird protection. The greatest increase of any colony in Britain has been that at Little Skellig.

'The interesting biological question to put in the light of these increases in the gannet's population is, what controls it? And where will this increase end? To all intents and purposes we have removed man as an injurious predator of the gannet. As far as man is now concerned, there is nothing to stop the gannet from forming new colonies, increasing at existing ones. We are sure that in Britain any new colony to be established would be immediately protected. Yet one day the gannet will presumably come up against some other controlling factor. I am pretty certain that this will prove to be food'.

A NEW PARK FOR LONDON

London is soon to have a new park—the grounds of Holland House. SYLVIA GRAY, B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

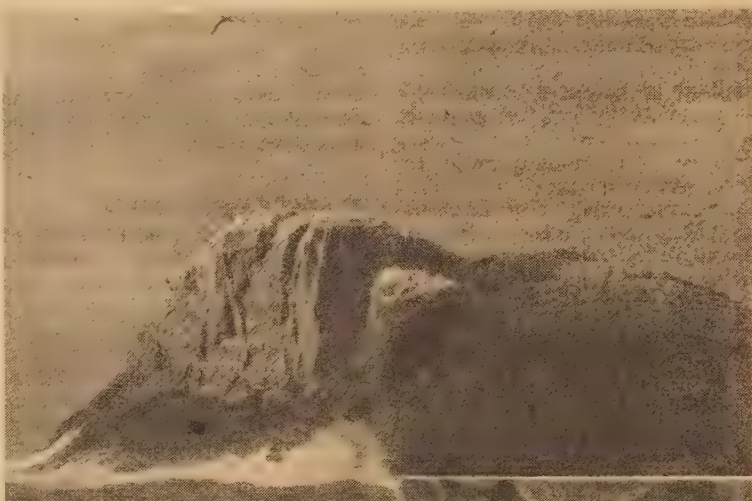
'In the thick of Kensington High Street', she said, 'between shops and cinemas, a tarnished coronet sits a little forlornly on two tall, wrought-iron gates. Beyond the gates, after nearly a quarter of a silent, stumbling mile, the drive through them ends, and Holland House stands in ruins, with all the bewildered sadness of a blind beggar. Its turrets are crumbling and its Jacobean stonework is cracked and slowly dropping into the rug of tangled weeds around its feet. Pigeons flutter between the creaking rafters that hang down into the entrance hall and jays rise with a screech from the woods as the clatter of mowing machines starts up. This is the beginning of a new London park and the end of a London history.

'Holland House has been, perhaps, one of the greatest mirrors of English life and fashion in the country. It was built in the early 1600s but it was not until the days of the Regency that it reached its peak. Then the third Lady Holland made it a centre for everyone of fashion and importance. Not only statesmen

and politicians, but artists, architects, dandies, and poets met together under its brilliant lights. They would wander with their ladies through the shadowy orangery, or over the viaduct walk to look down on the first dahlias ever grown in England. They might stop by the cluster of stone cherubs to play with the birds in their ornamental cage over its own ornamental fountain. Then on, down into the mirrored ballroom. Macaulay would lean back here after dinner and talk until someone had the courage to interrupt him. Byron met Lady Caroline Lamb here and afterwards, in her diary, she recorded that he was "mad, bad, and dangerous to know". Thomas Moore wrote poems to its nightingales. Inigo Jones built it a set of stone gateposts. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Walter Scott, Sheridan, and Talleyrand all enjoyed its luxury and its life.

'Now the orangery has no windows and the creepers are groping into the musty ruins of the ballroom. The roof walk is still there, but the cherubs are smashed and the bird cage is rusted and rotting. The scintillating days have gone, but the grounds and the trees and woods are still there. The London County Council is making part of them into football and cricket fields. The rest will be left, with its woods and its rose walks, for the Londoner to enjoy as his more distinguished predecessors did before him'.

The exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, from which the photograph on our cover is reproduced, is being held at 16, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.



Sula Stack, west of Orkney, the site of one of Britain's gannetries. Inset: a gannet—the biggest seabird of our ocean'.

James Fisher



What Is Islam?

R. H. NOLTE introduces a series of six talks

As you approach London by rail from Southampton, you are suddenly confronted by a large sign with this challenge: 'What is Islam?' Assuming you have no ready reply, the sign invites you to visit the Mosque at Woking to find out. For most people, no doubt, the question does not appear to be of pressing importance; and serves at most to arouse a vague and momentary image of a T. E. Lawrence-type sheikh somewhere in the barren nomads' land between Gibraltar and India with his camel, his hair tent, and his four veiled wives. And yet the question deserves a more adequate and more accurate answer than that. One need only recall the recent failures of British and western policy in such Muslim countries as Iran and Egypt to realise the unwisdom of neglecting any useful means of insight into human motivations, and especially those of peoples whose actions may have important consequences for Great Britain and the west. So it seems important to try to formulate an answer to the question, what is Islam? Because a religion necessarily has an influence on the actions of its adherents; and by reason of its all-inclusive nature, Islam, the religion of the Muslims, has a very great influence.

Three-hundred million Adherents

Geographically speaking, Islam is widespread. Some 300,000,000 people, approximately one-seventh of the world's population, are Muslims. They are concentrated in countries stretching eastward all across northern Africa through the Middle East, central Asia and India, into China, down to Malaya, and on to Indonesia and the Philippine Islands. In addition, Muslims are found in substantial numbers outside this central sweep of territory—in the Balkans, in the southern parts of European Russia, in central Africa, and elsewhere.

The Islamic community thus embraces a wide variety of peoples. There are first of all, of course, the Arabs among whom Islam had its origin some thirteen centuries ago and who still, 40,000,000 strong, form together with the Persians the core of the Islamic world in its Near and Middle Eastern heartland. But fully half of the world's Muslims are Pakistanis, Indians, Malays, or Indonesians. Turks and Tartars, Berbers and Afghans, European Slavs, Chinese, African negroes and Philippino Moros add their thousands and millions to the Muslim total. The number and variety of its adherents are sufficient to establish Islam as one of the great world religions. Beyond suggesting a certain universality of appeal, however, these observations do not get us much closer to understanding the nature of Islam. An initial approach to the problem might be to consider it as a religion in the familiar sense of the word; that is, as a system of belief about the unknown, and man's relationship to it.

It is easy enough to single out the core of doctrine and ritual, the religious denominator common to all the Muslim peoples; and it does not strike one as being entirely unfamiliar. Nor should it, for Muslim dogma incorporates many ideas found in early Judaism and Christianity and, in fact, regards itself as a perfected restatement of the same truth approximated in Jewish and in Christian doctrine. The God of Islam is absolutely powerful, eternal, self-sufficient, the source of good and evil, the uncreated originator of all the universe which He maintains in existence by the constant act of creating. This, incidentally, ought to be of interest to Mr. Fred Hoyle and his 'new' continuous creation theory of the universe. Uncompromising monotheism is fundamental in Muslim doctrine, and *shirk*, the association of anyone or anything with God as an object of worship, is the great unforgivable sin. The Christian idea of the Trinity is excoriated.

Unlimited by law or principle, God's will is done beyond the power of man to check or comprehend. Unquestioning resignation to the commands of God—and this is the technical meaning of the word Islam—is thus the duty of man. This doctrine fosters the fatalistic cast of mind typical of the Muslims, and helps to explain their traditional scepticism about the ability of mere men to carry out human plans. To every phrase announcing hope or intent, Muslims add the universal postscript, 'if God wills'. God's angels record the earthly actions of men and will bear witness for or against each soul on

the Day of Judgment when it rises from the grave to stand before God. Paradise with its gardens and dark-eyed virgins will be the eternal portion of him who has avoided the temptations set for him by God's devils, the *jinn*, and has led a virtuous life; for the virtuous woman, the rewards, when she gets to Paradise, are less specific. Hell, with its fires sixty-nine times as hot as earthly fire, lies in wait for the wicked.

If extended to a logical conclusion, the doctrine of submission to the ungovernable will of God would suggest that man's ultimate fate is out of his own hands, beyond his control to alter for better or for worse; and that complete irresponsibility would be the result. Any deed, however evil, could be shrugged off as being ordained by God. But such is not the case. In Muslim doctrine, man is allowed a margin of free will, so to speak, in which he can choose by his actions to save or damn himself. He is himself responsible for what he does. And he knows what he ought and ought not to do. God has repeatedly revealed sufficient of His will to show the way to salvation. A long succession of apostles or prophets, including Adam, Noah, Moses, and Jesus, were inspired to preach the unity of God, to show the path of righteousness and warn of Judgment Day. But men continued to disregard or corrupt the message, with awful consequences to themselves. At length, early in seventh-century Arabia, Muhammad was appointed to be the final, the 'Seal' of the prophets. To him was revealed the Qur'an, the Muslim holy book, which for Muslims is the perfected and eternal embodiment of truth for the guidance of men, the literal last word of God.

These are the bare essentials of Muslim dogma. But for the great majority of Muslims the ritual duties which must be rendered to God are an essential part of belief—to the point that even imperfect performance of them is the guarantee of faith. Muslim is as Muslim does, so to speak. In saying this, I do not wish to suggest that Muslims are insincere, performing their religious duties as a matter of expediency to hide a lack of faith. This has been true of certain heretical persecuted minorities in the past, but it has not been and is certainly not now true of the great body of Muslims. And, after all, the seventh and lowest and hottest level of Hell is reserved for religious hypocrites. But the tacit acceptance of ritual deed as being tantamount to faith has given Islam a wide tolerance, an ability to admit and retain a wide variety of popular beliefs and practices ranging from primitive animism to highly esoteric mysticism; and is a secret of its continuing success as a vital religion. Every Muslim group can minimise or emphasise and elaborate the various aspects of the basic Islamic dogma which seem to it to be the most true, even to the point of contradicting tenets of strict orthodoxy. As, for example, the *Sufi* tendency to worship saints, which encroaches on the unity of God. But, in any case, the essential link to religious orthodoxy for such groups is provided by common acceptance of the religious duties.

Prescribed Duties

The most important of the prescribed duties are the five so-called 'Pillars of Islam'. The Muslim first of all is required to profess the Muslim Creed with its fundamental doctrine about the unity of God and the mission of Muhammad: 'There is no god but God, Muhammad is the Prophet of God'. This is perhaps the decisive pillar of the faith. No one may call himself a Muslim without professing the creed; and conversely, the belief of a man who does cannot be questioned. Muslims are supposed to pray at five set times each twenty-four hours, in company (preferably) or alone, and in a state of ritual purity which is achieved before each prayer by ablution. Proper execution of prayer involves the uninterrupted performance of a prescribed sequence of motions, genuflections, and prostrations while facing in the direction of Mecca and reciting at each stage of the prayer the proper Arabic phrases. Almsgiving to the poor, the traveller, and other worthy objects is the third duty. Alms so given are regarded as a loan to God, who will repay many-fold. The command to give alms may help to swell the tide of indigence and beggary one encounters in Muslim countries, but it has also provided a form of social security for centuries in lands where state responsibility for the destitute is still an imperfectly

implemented idea. Fasting is required of Muslims from dawn to dark during Ramadan, the ninth month of the Muslim lunar year, and is recommended at other times. Performance of the Pilgrimage at least once during his lifetime, if at all possible, is the fifth duty urged on the Muslim. The Pilgrimage with all its traditional ceremonies takes place during the twelfth month of the Muslim year, at which time the faithful from all over the Muslim world converge on Mecca and its sacred mosque to do their duty to God.

'The Holy War'

To the five duties is sometimes appended a sixth: the *jihad*, or holy war against the infidel. All Muslims are required to 'strive in the way of God'. In the days of Muslim empire, when the Caliph was at once a religious and political leader, holy war and war of state could be synonymous. But after the Caliph lost his battalions the holy war came more and more to be interpreted in personal ethical terms. In recent times there have been attempts to revive the early military meaning of *jihad*. But so far these attempts have not had much success.

Understandably, only the truly pious feel it necessary to perform all the primary and the host of lesser duties in their burdensome daily detail, and the general level of observance varies from area to area. But all Muslims profess the Creed, and the great majority observe the strict abstinence of Ramadan and attend at least the congregational prayer at noon on Friday. Performance of the ritual duties, after all, is in the last analysis a matter between the individual and God—there is no intervening church organisation or constituted clergy in Islam. Whether prescribed or gratuitous, a prayer properly executed, a fast faithfully observed, alms given, a pilgrimage completed—each acts as a deposit of virtue, so to speak, in the Muslim's celestial account, to be weighted against the debit of his sins.

So far, we have been discussing Islam as a religion in the familiar sense of the word. But the Islamic religion includes within its purview much more than the matters of belief and worship which constitute the relationship between man and God. It also embraces the whole range of man's relations with his fellow men. Islam exerts its normative influence over all a Muslim's daily thoughts and actions, public and private, social and individual, to an extent which is quite outside our usual experience. In its fuller meaning, therefore, Islam is nothing less than an entire way of life. The central institution of Islam, and the backbone of Muslim society, is the Sacred Law. It is the product of many generations of medieval Muslim thinkers who sought to elaborate the will of God as revealed in the Qur'an and in the divinely guided actions of the Prophet into a comprehensive system of recommendations and commands for the guidance of men. For a thousand years the Sacred Law has endured as a monument to their success. It claims to regulate the whole life of the Muslim, telling him in great detail how he should perform his duties to God. It tells him what and what not to eat, to wear, and how to honour his parents. It goes on to lay down rules for marriage, divorce, inheritance, and other family matters. Finally, it includes things which in the west have no connection with religion, such as commercial transactions and crime. The Sacred Law is thus law in a far wider sense than that with which we are familiar. It is a compendium not only of legal rules properly speaking, but of ritual, moral, and ethical obligations as well.

Every human act comes under the scrutiny of the Sacred Law. To provide Muslims with answers as to the religious advisability of this or that course of action, there arose, as the Law was developed during the early centuries of Islam into a *corpus juris* of great complexity, a corps of religious jurisconsults called *muftis*, men learned in the law. The *muftis* and their function still exist.

With variations in time and place, substantial parts of the Law have been enforced during the millennium of its existence by the temporal authority as well as by the promise of Paradise and the threat of Hell in the hereafter. Today, in all Muslim countries, except Turkey, that part of the Law dealing with marriage and divorce and related family matters is still applied in practice and enforced by the state. In Saudi Arabia and Afghanistan, the Sacred Law is still the only official law, even in matters of crime, with lapidation prescribed for adultery and cutting off the hand for theft. If, in most Muslim countries, legal codes and statutes of western type have displaced the Sacred Law from wide areas of practical application, this fact has not compromised the Law as an ideal. Despite the derogations in practice, every Muslim country (except Turkey) professes allegiance to the Sacred Law in its entirety.

It is of fundamental significance, it seems to me, that in setting a comprehensive, unchanging, and divinely sanctioned standard of

human behaviour, parts of which were and are enforced by temporal authority as well, the Sacred Law has been the decisive agent over the centuries in creating one stable, unified Muslim community out of many diverse peoples of diverse beliefs, a community and a social fabric which has been proof against many centuries of invasion, foreign domination, revolt, and other political vicissitudes. Nowadays, however, one hears constantly of the 'impact' western civilisation is making upon the Muslim world, of the onslaught of western goods and devices, western military, economic, and governmental techniques, western social institutions and western secular ideals. And one has only to visit the Muslim world to see that the motor car, the cinema, the wireless, commercial agriculture, modern industry, labour unions, sovereign parliaments, constitutions, western legal codes and courts—all the paraphernalia of western civilisation—have been established in almost every Muslim country. It amounts to a complete social revolution.

I cannot now investigate the causes and the means of this wholesale importation from the west; it is enough to observe that it has been mainly in response to local demand. Sheltered behind the walls of the Ottoman Empire or the barriers of desert and distance, Muslim populations dwelt practically undisturbed in medieval somnolence even into the twentieth century. But, suddenly confronted by the fact of western material superiority—a fact driven home in some cases by military invasion and occupation—local populations not unnaturally have wanted the apparent sources and manifestations of such superiority for themselves. And they have taken with both hands. The prodigious westernisation which has taken place in Muslim countries was carried out mainly by a generation or two of leaders who were educated in the western mission schools and colleges which sprang up all over the Muslim world in the nineteenth century and in European universities, and who were firmly grounded in the ideals of nineteenth-century liberal democracy. It was their confident assumption that by importing western institutions they could refashion Muslim society in the desirable image of the west.

Political Weaknesses

But, unhappily perhaps, social institutions are expressions of a culture rather than creators of it; and while many of the ideals of western democracy—liberty, equality, national self-determination, government under law—find a ready echo in Islam, this is not to say that these ideals were made operative simply by the fact of the new institutional machinery. But one of the results of the new institutions of parliament, universal suffrage, and public education in Muslim countries has been to admit a new wave of participants into the political process, men who increasingly outnumber those solidly based on liberal democratic traditions and who themselves come out of other traditions, those of Islamic society. They do not share, and most of those whom they govern do not share, as an article of conviction the western ideal of democratic responsibility and government under law. It is here that a fundamental weakness of Islam and its central institution, the Sacred Law, become apparent: its historic inability to impose its authority on the ruler. The Sacred Law makes no distinction between religion and politics, as we have seen. The Muslim ruler is in Sacred Law theory the spiritual leader of the Muslim community as well as its temporal leader, and it is his function as leader and ruler to uphold the Sacred Law in all respects. This is the theory, but it has never fully worked out in practice because the ruler has always had the power to appoint the administrators, the judges, of the Law, to discharge them, and to limit the things they could deal with. The Muslim ruler could set aside or by-pass the Sacred Law almost at will. The jurists thus failed to establish the Sacred Law in Muslim society as a practical guarantee for Muslim society and Islamic social ideals against the arbitrary authority of the ruler. It did not hold him to account. And today, if western institutions have not so far succeeded in establishing firmly in Muslim society the responsibility of the ruler to law and to society, neither have the traditions and institutions of Islam done so.

The results, in Muslim countries, now that they have begun to govern themselves, are plain to see: rigged elections, misuse of public office, martial law, suspended constitutions, *coups d'état* and all the rest of it. The problem comes down to this: Can the Sacred Law be reformulated to fit changing circumstances and made into a flexible and practical institution able to deal with the new and pressing needs of a society in rapid evolution? Can it be made capable of giving social effects to the ideals, old and new, of Muslim society? The alternative, in terms of a disrupted social order and the reduction of the religion and law of Islam to the level of private belief, may well lead to chaos. 'But God knows best'.—*Third Programme*

Research for Plenty—VI

Nature's Cattle

By ALLAN FRASER

PASTORALISM is a difficult word to say and one none too easy to define. It includes ranching but is a term wider than ranching. It embraces the nomadic way of life such as the Bedouin live in North Africa or the Lapps in Scandinavia. It is concerned with animals of one kind or another and with their husbandry under almost natural conditions. It includes what we call hill farming in this country, although, in fact, pastoralism is something very different and in certain respects opposed to farming. In newly developed countries pastoralism precedes cultivation. It was so in the Americas, in Australia, and in South Africa. Particularly during the course of the last century there was a great surge—a mass migration, as it were—of the domesticated animals of the old world on to the virgin pastures of the new. The wool-bearing Spanish Merino sheep colonised Australia; the three great breeds of British beef cattle—Shorthorn, Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus—spread over the fertile, uncultivated plains of both American continents. In new countries pastoralism is profitable because the grazing animal—it may be cattle or it may be sheep—has ready and cheap access to the best natural pastures on the best land. But as the human population becomes more dense and as the better land becomes cultivated and divided up into holdings, the area available for pastoralism becomes restricted. There is less land available for ranching and that land is the poorer land. In older countries, it comes about, therefore, that pastoralism begins where farming ends.

In any real effort to increase the world's food supplies, farmed land must be expanded to the maximum, and pastoral land correspondingly reduced. For it is undeniable that land under cultivation produces more food. Agriculturists are agreed, however, that not all of the world's limited land surface is amenable to cultivation. Much land, suited only for pastoral production, will remain. It is the main purpose of this talk to discuss and to suggest how and in what ways pastoral production can be increased, so that pastoral land may come to contribute a far greater quantity of animal produce to the world's larder than it does today. It is convenient to discuss this problem under three main headings; as it affects the actual grazing; as it affects the grazing animal; and, finally, as it affects the biological relationship between these two.

First then, for the grazing. Because pastoral land is not amenable to cultivation and the sowing of nominated crops, we may imagine that the productive capacity of pastoral lands cannot be increased by any other means. There could be no greater error. Methods of doing so are implicit in much research work already completed. There are further and wider possibilities in the research work in progress today and in that planned for tomorrow. There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when grass, even on fertile and well cultivated land, was just grass and nothing more than grass. The work of the pioneers, Gilchrist at Cockle Park, Elliot at Clifton Park, and, above all, that of Stapledon and his disciples at Aberystwyth, have changed all that. The work that started on the cultivated grasslands of England and Wales must be extended to the pastoral areas of the whole world.

It is certain that natural pastures can be improved. It is exceedingly doubtful, however, whether, in the recent past, attempts at improvement have always been carried out in the most prophetic way. Cahn Hill was a great experiment, a noble enterprise, but demonstrated little more than this—that with great effort, and considerable expense, the hem

of the hill's skirts can be slightly lifted, for the grass species appropriate to lowland cultivation to creep a little way underneath. Yet, on the hills themselves, in the deserts, in the sub-arctic tundras, in all the wild places of the earth, there are innumerable species of grasses and of other herbage plants which, if studied, selected, and improved, might serve to clothe the entire wilderness in a new dress.

Again, the aeroplane, in its conquest of altitude and distance, has opened up new possibilities in the bringing of fertility into lonely places. The accuracy of placement made possible by the helicopter has been



A white Fulani cow and a plains cow: in West Africa farmers are breeding a type of animal that combines the outstanding qualities of each

added to the wide range of country an aeroplane can cover. Novel, more accurate, and more carefully planned application, may remove the necessity of a heavy manual load that, at the moment, constitutes the limiting economic factor for using the aeroplane in manure distribution. Nevertheless, despite these possibilities of future development, pastoral land will remain pastoral land, lacking the capacity for revolutionary alterations in cropping and productivity possessed by inherently fertile and intensively farmed land. The wilderness will remain the wilderness, however freely it may be made to blossom.

In all successful pastoral husbandry, the essential factor is the closest possible adaptation of the grazing animal to the natural pasture. In seeking for the most suitable animal to convert the trapped sunlight of the wild herb into human food, we have perhaps been a trifle conventional in our outlook. Domesticated or semi-domesticated animals of one species or another have always been the harvesters of the sun's energy falling on the vast acreage of pastoral lands. Such animals, today, are usually cattle, or sheep, but they may be goats or camels, or reindeer, llamas, vicunas or yaks. Very possibly it is due mainly to the fact that



Welsh ewes grazing on improved land at Cahn Hill, Aberystwyth

'Farmer and Stockbreeder'

the pastoral regions of the southern hemisphere were first colonised by European nations, that these lands carry stock mainly derived from European breeds of cattle and of sheep. Had the Incas of South America achieved world empire we might, today, have found llamas in Northumberland and vicunas on the Grampian hills. It has so happened, however, that cattle and sheep, either separately or together, form the predominant livestock on pastoral country throughout the world.

It is possible, indeed probable, that these two species, of proved superiority under conditions of adequate rainfall and temperate climate, may have been pressed to the full limits of their capacity for adaptation and, in some cases, beyond it. It may well prove that, given a wider range of animal species, the extent of the world's pastoral enterprise can be substantially extended. It would seem that the leaders of animal husbandry development throughout the world are beginning already both to think and to act along such novel lines.

Land and Stock

First, and somewhat tardily, has come the realisation that much of the apparent productive superiority of European breeds of livestock is a partial result of the productive superiority of European land, climate and farming methods, and is in no sense entirely inherent in the stock themselves. At one time—and that not so very long ago—the term 'livestock improvement', in undeveloped countries, was almost synonymous with the introduction of breeds of European origin, or of progressive upgrading of native stocks of horses, cattle, sheep, to European standards. Such means of livestock improvement proved eminently successful where conditions of soil, climate, and husbandry were not too far removed from those of countries in which the improved breeds had their origin. They have failed in the past and may fail again in the future, wherever environmental conditions differ fundamentally from those in which European breeds of livestock were first evolved.

A more modern method is to base livestock improvement in undeveloped countries, upon species and breeds originating or long native to such countries. In this connection the investigation of Dr. Norman Wright upon native breeds of Indian cattle proved of fundamental importance. He concluded that, given improved husbandry conditions and some selection, the milking capacity of such native breeds could approach the standards accepted as normal in the dairy breeds of European cattle. Recent investigations in South Africa have confirmed this finding. It would appear that the low productive capacity of many breeds of native livestock is due to limiting factors, mainly nutritional, in their environment, and is not attributable to an inherently low productive capacity conditioned by their genetic constitution.

Apart altogether from questions of productive capacity, native breeds of undeveloped pastoral country often have the substantial advantage of climatic adaptation and a relative immunity to endemic disease. This has led to the conception of grafting, as it were, the superior productivity of breeds of European origin upon the climatic and disease-resistant native livestock. Examples are the crossings of European upon Zebu cattle in tropical countries, or upon American buffalo in sub-arctic countries; of the crossings of European sheep upon the native fat-tailed sheep of the African Karroo. The right species, breed, variety to suit the soil, the climate, the vegetation of a country—that is the basis of success in pastoral husbandry—that, and the stage management to fit the play and cast.

The pastoral nomad, for example, begins by driving the species of grazing animals on which he subsists—the actual species may be cattle or sheep, or camels, reindeer or goats—from place to place according to the season. Thus, in Arabia, the nomad Bedouin tribesman who has exploited the summer grazing of Jordan with his stock, migrates in winter southwards into Saudi Arabia. He pays small attention to the boundaries drawn on a map he has never seen, based on political divisions he does not recognise. Similar considerations govern the reindeer husbandry of the nomad Lapps. Mikel Utsi, now in charge of the experimental reintroduction of reindeer into the Scottish Highlands, has described that husbandry. In the journal called *Man* for the year 1948, he writes: 'Until I was fifteen my family lived in the northernmost parish of Sweden. A considerable part of the sparse population consisted of reindeer-owning Lapps, who migrated with their herds over the water-shed to the Norwegian coast in the summer, and back again and down into the forests in the winter'.

A similar method of semi-nomadic husbandry prevailed in the hill country of Britain until relatively recent times. It is usually referred to as the 'shieling system', in the Scottish Highlands. The general policy of the shieling system can be summarised in a sentence. It was

a system by which all livestock were summered among the hills while the valleys were devoted to growing grain for people, and forage—mainly hay—to support the livestock in winter. It was a system which endured, almost unchanged, for over 1,000 years. No very lengthy journey was involved in the shieling migration. Far longer migrations characterised another system of pastoral husbandry—the transhumant Merino sheep industry of ancient Spain. Flocks of many thousand sheep were in the hands of a few rich owners. These flocks were wintered in the plains and valleys. In spring they were driven over distances amounting to 500 miles, to summer pasturage in the mountains where they were shorn, returning by broad sheep tracks to the lowlands when winter came. A system, similar in principle and based on the same breed of sheep, has been adapted to the sheep range husbandry of the American Rocky Mountains.

In all those systems of pastoral husbandry so far outlined, there is an implicit recognition of the most important biological factor governing this form of animal production. In the first place the animals were not kept continually and throughout the year upon the same area of ground. Seasonal migration, transhumance, is an essential element in the primitive pastoral life. It is the reply of the primitive pastoralist to the question posed by the seasonality of plant growth. Such seasonality of plant growth is, in fact, the limiting factor in the productivity of pastoral husbandry. Seasonality may be governed by rainfall or by cold. In either case it leads to a pause in plant growth at some time of the year. Unless this seasonality is actively combated, the carrying capacity and, in consequence, the food producing capacity of pastoral country will be limited by the number of stock the lowest level of plant growth can support. That level is often a mere fraction of what plant growth is capable of providing at more favourable seasons.

Methods of combating seasonality may be designed both from the angle of the animal and from that of the plant. In pastoral areas, where drought is the seasonal limiting factor in production, species of animal that can best survive drought are the species of choice. Sheep require less water than do cattle, and that is why sheep, as contrasted with cattle, penetrate further into regions of low and uncertain rainfall. Animals such as the camel and the fat-tailed sheep, that store fat easily and in quantity, have an advantage. In pastoral areas sub-arctic in climate because of latitude or altitude, species of animal most resistant to cold, and to the seasonal food shortage resulting from cold, are the species of choice. Here, the cattalo, the cross between American bison and Hereford cattle, may have a part to play, since the cattalo will ride the rigours of an arctic storm where European cattle will flee before it to their death. Both reindeer and sheep have this further advantage over cattle: they will scrape down through snow to reach the covered vegetation. In finding the right species, breed, or variety of animal, therefore, there lies one important method of widening the bottle-neck in production imposed by seasonality of plant growth.

Conservation, whether of food, or water, or of both, is the second important consideration. Desert shrubs, that by their natural yet protected succulence will hold water deeply buried in their edible leaves or stems; hill plants that, growing in spring season, will tinge the edge of the melting snow with early green; summer grasses, that standing throughout drought or winter, provide a natural hay; these are all methods of conservation native to the pastoral lands themselves. Such conservation implies management, and the essence of pastoral management is regulation of grazing. Without such regulation, where grazing is continuous throughout the year and uncontrolled, the stock-carrying capacity of any pasture will deteriorate inevitably.

Modern Substitute for Migration

The old answer to such deterioration was migration of stock. The modern alternative is fencing, and, indeed, without fencing there can today be no proper management of pastoral land. Fencing that allows the resting or 'spelling' of over-stocked land, and the heavier stocking of under-grazed land, that permits conservation of fodder for seasonal shortages on pastoral land, may prove an adequate substitute for the nomads' migrations. In addition, it may become necessary to dedicate, as it were, a limited area of cultivated farm land adjacent to all pastoral regions, for the special and avowed purpose of providing forage to bridge over the seasonal gap. The area required for this purpose would not be impracticably large. For example, I have calculated elsewhere, that were no more than one-sixth of the acreage of hay grown annually in Scotland devoted to this special purpose, it would serve to provide the essential winter supplement for over 500,000 breeding cattle on the Scottish hills.—*Third Programme*

The Decorative Arts under Queen Victoria

By PETER FLOUD

I WANT to talk about the special problems that crop up as soon as you try to tackle Victorian art in a scientific spirit. That is what we have tried to do in preparing the exhibition of Victorian and Edwardian Decorative Arts with which the Victoria and Albert Museum is going to celebrate its centenary in October. The point I first want to stress is our incredible ignorance about the decorative arts under Victoria—I mean furniture, pottery, glass, carpets, silver, jewellery, and so on. It is really amazing. I have no hesitation at all in saying that there is not a single person in this country capable, for example, of sitting down and giving a scholarly and informative Third Programme talk on, say, mid-Victorian English furniture, or early-Victorian silver. This ignorance is all the more extraordinary when you think of the number of erudite books that there are on English furniture, silver, or pottery of the earlier periods. All this scholarship seems suddenly to stop at about 1830. For example, that is the date taken by the Antique Dealers in defining what qualifies as an antique for inclusion in their annual fair; similarly, it is the date at which the main series of permanent exhibits at the Victoria and Albert Museum ends. It seems to be accepted as a sort of magic dividing line separating off what is worth serious study from what is not.

At first glance this seems quite a reasonable arrangement. Obviously, there must always be some sort of notional date that separates genuine antiques from objects that are of too recent production to be dignified as such, and it might seem that 120 years ago is about a sensible time to draw the line. And yet, not very long ago, scholars were satisfied with a much shorter period. For instance, a typical late-nineteenth-century text book on the history of English furniture, such as Robert Brook's *Elements of Style in Furniture and Woodwork*, which was published in 1889, takes the story up to 1815, or only seventy years before the date at which he was writing. Similarly, Macquoid's standard *History of English Furniture*, planned in 1904, stops at 1820, only eighty-four years before. Obviously, then, there is no immutable law that requires that objects should have to pass through a sort of purgatory lasting as long as 120 years, as they do at present, before they can be considered for promotion to antique status; and this fixing of 1830 is by no means a mere matter of some automatic time-lag.

Of course, the reason normally given for stopping at 1830 is that, from that time on, there was a progressive debasement of aesthetic standards—in fact, a steady degradation of public taste—which continued till, finally, towards the end of the century, a reaction set in, at least in the field of interior decoration, mainly as a result of the influence of William Morris. According to this theory, the further you get away from the eighteenth century the worse things become,

so that, for example, mid-Victorian taste must automatically be more debased than early-Victorian.

As a result of the work on our exhibition I am convinced that this is a false picture, and that, contrary to general belief, the mid-Victorian period—that is from about 1860 to 1880—produced much more intelligently designed and original furniture and textiles, for example, than did the earlier years of the reign. In the earlier period,



Carved sideboard by Bruce J. Talbert (1838-1881) which won a *grand prix* at the Paris Exhibition of 1867

Victoria and Albert Museum

whatever has merit is merely a hangover from Regency taste, and its virtues are usually the negative ones of restraint and absence of vulgarity, whereas the work of the best mid-Victorian designers stands entirely on its own feet, and has the positive virtues of robustness and self-confidence.

I am sure that the main reason why this fact has not been generally recognised is the unfortunate influence of the illustrated catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851. All research workers intending to tackle the Victorian decorative arts inevitably start with these huge volumes, and, of course the Festival last year drew special attention to them. I know of no more depressing and disillusioning task than to sit down with the catalogue, hoping by careful cross-referencing and comparisons to sort out, from the thousands of illustrations, some stylistic trends to act as guiding threads to the taste of the period. At first one is amused by the freaks and oddities, but saturation point is quickly reached and nausea sets in. The utter senselessness and banality and hideousness of the carved gutta percha umbrella-stands and the *escritoirs* enriched with rustic figures in perforated brass, and so on, is bad enough, but it is made infinitely worse by the text, which manages to give equal praise to every object, in a series of meaningless clichés which do duty in rotation, like the members of a stage army.

No wonder, then, that so many potential research workers are dissuaded from any further study as a result of their initial experience of these illustrations—not realising that there were quite a number of influential mid-Victorian designers who fully realised the low level to which British design had sunk, as shown in the exhibition, and who consciously set themselves the task of remedying this situation. I am not thinking now of William Morris, whose whole life was, of course, dedicated to a battle against industrial design as such, in favour



Teapot, sugar basin and cream jug (c. 1880), designed by Christopher Dresser (1834-1904), in the possession of Miss Nellie Dresser

of hand craftsmanship, but to men such as Owen Jones, Charles Eastlake, and Bruce Talbert, who fully accepted the implications of modern machine technique, and whose own designs were deliberately executed for normal industrial production. They are the designers whose work is really important in the mid-Victorian, post-Exhibition, period, and whose work is normally completely ignored. If only scholars could be persuaded to work their way through the dismal tunnel of 1830 to 1860, and come out into the light of the mid-Victorian period, they would soon see that these designers, in their writings, in their own productions, and in their influence, have certainly as much right to serious consideration as have the eighteenth-century cabinet-makers and silversmiths.

Vanished Works of Owen Jones

Take, for example, Owen Jones. After all, he is well enough known to all students of the decorative arts. His *Grammar of Ornament* has been the staple diet in art schools for just on a century, and he is also remembered for his pioneer work on the Moorish decorations at the Alhambra, and for having devised those historic courts at the Crystal Palace—the Roman Court, Egyptian Court, and so on—which used to delight visitors to Sydenham. Owen Jones also designed some remarkable furniture, carpets, and woven silks, which have been entirely forgotten since his death in 1874. Contemporary illustrations survive of two of the carpets, but of none of the furniture; and yet it was obviously remarkable, for several contemporary articles speak with awe of the 'restrained splendour' of the interior at No. 4 Carlton House Terrace, his most important work, which he completely decorated for Alfred Morrison, a wealthy industrialist. The ceilings were carved and coffered and gilded, the walls were hung with woven silk damasks, the mantelpieces were decorated with inlaid coloured marbles, and the furniture—including a grand piano—was inlaid with elaborate marquetry—all specially designed by Owen Jones. The tragedy is that every single bit of all this, and also of the similar decorations which Owen Jones undertook for Morrison's country house at Fonthill (one of the successors of Beckford's ill-fated project), has completely disappeared, except for one or two mantelpieces which remain as forlorn relics at Carlton House Terrace, now occupied by Crockford's Club. Everything was apparently dispersed in about 1905, when Morrison's descendants got tired of Owen Jones.

As far as his other work is concerned, we have tried to follow up every possible clue, however remote, but after a year's hard work all we have been able to salvage is one inlaid table and chair—a good deal the worse for wear—in use at a Police Training College, an unimportant inlaid bracket in a second-hand dealer's, one carpet still belonging to the descendants of one of Owen Jones' patrons, one other carpet, a silver vase, and two or three damask fragments. We have also found out that some chairs, probably designed by Jones, were recently sent by the Ministry of Works to help furnish an official British residence in Jerusalem, and that some *cloisonné* enamel vases which were made in China to Owen Jones' designs were recently sold to unknown purchasers in South America and Norway. Obviously, they can never now be recovered.

All these few relics which we have managed to retrieve are interesting and beautiful. 'Restrained splendour' is certainly the right description for them, particularly the silk damasks and the carpets, which are decorated with bold, but fairly complex, semi-geometrical patterns in very vivid, clear colours. They are obviously the work of a master of design, and are about as far removed as one can imagine from the debased cabbage-roses and trellises in muddy maroons and bottle-greens that one thinks of as typically mid-Victorian. I am sure that when shown in our exhibition they will demonstrate Owen Jones' real importance as a designer, even though the great bulk of his work has completely disappeared. The important thing is that Owen Jones was not just a brilliant individual designer, isolated from the main stream of industrial production and therefore to be safely ignored by anyone studying typical mid-Victorian design. Contemporary trade journals show that he had a very high reputation in industry, and it can be fairly said that it was his persistent emphasis on the fact that carpet and wallpaper patterns should look flat and should be based on geometric patterns—or at least on formalised and abstract patterns—rather than on naturalistic representations of plants and birds, which revolutionised better-class carpet and wallpaper design between 1860 and 1880.

Or take another example: Dr. Christopher Dresser. The first person to draw attention to Dresser was Dr. Pevsner, in an article published

about fifteen years ago. We have followed this up and discovered many new facts about him which make it clear that he was certainly the most prolific, and in some ways the most influential, industrial designer in the whole of the nineteenth century. He designed furniture, carpets, furnishing fabrics, wallpapers, cast-iron things such as grates and hat-racks, silver, pottery, and glass. He edited 'The Furniture Gazette', and was art adviser to about half-a-dozen industrial firms. He wrote many books on design, was frequently appointed judge at international exhibitions, and gave innumerable lectures laying down the law on every conceivable subject, such as 'An Improved Method of Nature Printing' (apparently a patent sort of photography), 'On the Design of Handles and Spouts', 'On the Principles of Design as Applied to the Whitby Jet Industry', etc. Though in some ways he was a bit of a mountebank—for instance, his self-assumed title of 'Doctor' was based on an honorary degree in botany at Jena—we need have no doubt that he was a man of very considerable learning and ingenuity, and a most prolific designer in all media. And yet, though we have compiled a list of more than thirty different firms for whom he designed a thousand or more items, our most strenuous efforts have only succeeded in salvaging about twenty-five objects, and of these more than half are pots in the design of which he had only a part share, and some are lavatory wallpapers which can hardly rank among those of his works which we should particularly wish to preserve.

Our experience with Dresser brings out just the same points as with Owen Jones. They can be regarded as the two leading mid-Victorian industrial designers, and yet within seventy-five years of their heyday their work has been so forgotten that nine-tenths of it is irretrievably lost; and, what is more, the circumstances under which we discovered the few surviving examples show that had we waited another ten years, practically all even of those few would have disappeared too. For almost all of them belonged to people who had no idea what they were, and whom we were able to trace only by very attenuated lucky threads which would certainly soon have been snapped.

For example, we were able to track down the only two pieces of Owen Jones furniture because they happen to have passed into their present possession fairly recently, and I am quite sure that within a few years the policemen's boots in the Training College common room would have finished them off. Similarly with the only two surviving examples of Dresser furniture. We discovered them by a series of flukes. I noticed a reference in a trade journal of 1881 to the fact that a well-known firm of locksmiths, still in existence, had sponsored an organisation called the Art Furnishers' Alliance, founded by Dr. Dresser. When I approached the firm, they said they had never heard of this, but suggested that we should go through some old press-cutting books which they had kept. These gave us quite a lot of information and suggested that one of the firm's original directors probably bought some of the Dresser furniture. One of his descendants whom we traced had no knowledge of Dresser, but told us that he had recently sold some furniture that had been in the family many years. Finally, a visit to the purchasers disclosed two pieces of furniture unmistakably designed by Dresser. Obviously, during the next few years, any of these very fragile links might have been broken, and the last traceable examples of Dresser furniture would have passed into oblivion.

'Eastlake Style'

I have taken Owen Jones and Dr. Dresser as two striking examples, but there are several others who would prove my case equally well. Bruce Talbert, for example, who was undoubtedly the most conscientious and successful of all the mid-Victorian furniture designers, and Charles Eastlake, whose book, *Hints on Household Taste*, had an enormous influence on current ideas about how to furnish one's home, especially in America, where the term 'Eastlake style' was in use long after his death. And yet we have only succeeded in discovering one example of Talbert's furniture—incidentally a most chaste and well-proportioned carved sideboard that is completely different from the normal idea of mid-Victorian furniture, and yet it won a *grand prix* at the Paris Exhibition of 1867—and, as far as Eastlake is concerned, we have unearthed nothing except one fragment of wallpaper—a very attractive pattern—about two feet square. And if I needed other examples of the way in which these sort of things are disappearing every day I need only point to Cardiff, where almost all the magnificent and unique furniture and furnishings that William Burges—one of the most remarkable mid-Victorian architect-designers—designed for Cardiff Castle, have recently been sold, and, moreover, as far as I can

(continued on page 431)

Science and Faith—III

A Scientist's Approach to Christianity

By DONALD MacKAY

THE idea that it is harder for a scientist than for anyone else to be a Christian is quite widespread these days—though of course it is by no means new. 'How can you square your Christian faith with this stuff you write about the brain as a machine?' is the sort of question in which I meet it most often. I should perhaps explain that I am a physicist, who has become interested in the brain viewed as a 'mechanism for handling information', a puzzle that is now attracting the efforts of scientists from a good many traditionally separate disciplines. I am also a Christian. And it is the sense in which a scientist can honestly say that that seems to present a problem to many people—the problem that Professor Baillie outlined in his introduction* to this series.

I certainly do not pretend that I have 'got all the answers' to the questions people have in mind when they ask how I square my faith with my science. But I would like to give you some idea of the way in which the two seem in my own experience to dovetail together. Perhaps most of all I want to help dispel any impression that one's faith and one's science have to be kept safely insulated from one another, each in its private preserve. The really interesting thing to me is the way they each sparkle into more meaningful life as one deliberately seeks to interrelate them.

A Radical Question

Let us begin with the most radical question: How can I do my kind of research and be a Christian at all? Does not Christianity teach that man is more than a mere mechanism, so that it is really impious to seek to explain his behaviour in mechanical terms? I think questions like that are sometimes based on a false notion of what a scientist is doing when he sets about the study of the brain; so let me first give you a rough picture of the problem he faces.

The brain comprises an intricate network of thousands of millions of tiny nerve-cells and fibres, each quite a complex living individual and all constantly flashing electrical signals to one another in a restless activity that never ceases entirely, even in sleep. Sensitive electrical amplifiers can tell us a good deal—more than we know how to interpret—of the scurry of activity going on under the surface. By applying small electric currents we can add to this activity from outside, perhaps making a leg or arm suddenly move—to the great surprise of the patient—or even arousing vivid hallucinations, according to the part of the brain we stimulate. There are quite a variety of ways in which chemical stimuli can influence the brain, too.

From a multitude of observations of this general kind we are gradually gaining a rough idea of what a good many parts of the brain are for—at least, we can answer some of the questions we have thought of asking so far. One area receives messages from the eye, another less sharply defined, controls leg-movements, and so on. In fact, on most of the structures of the brain you could find quite a few pages of information of this 'functional' sort in current textbooks. It would be terribly incomplete, even debatable, information, much of it. But the point I want to make is that the scientist now *accepts* the brain as a self-consistent physical system. He has puzzles in plenty; but none of a kind to suggest that a complete account of what the brain does could not in principle be given in physical terms. To put it in another way, the scientist's description of the brain leaves no room for any 'mystery-box' that might conceivably be a 'seat of the mind'.

Nor so long ago it was a fashionable guess that the mind might inhabit the little pineal gland in the middle of the head; but nowadays I am afraid that even this refuge is denied it. Is the scientist, then, trying to squeeze the mind out of existence, as part of a general programme to replace God by mechanism? Of course he is not. What he has forced us to realise is that when we speak of mind we do not mean something that has a 'seat' at all. Our whole approach is wrong and can only lead to nonsense if we think of the mind as living like a ghost in some local part of the head. What the scientist is trying to do is to give as complete an account of human behaviour as possible, from the standpoint of an observer, using a language

whose terms presuppose that standpoint. He does not deny for a moment the validity of an account in quite different terms, presupposing the standpoint of the actor himself. But it would be simply a logical error to mix terms that presuppose one standpoint with terms that presuppose another, and he does not do it.

To treat a description in the language of the observer as if it were a rival of a description in the language of the actor is rather as if someone who did not understand algebra were to try to 'debunk' a printed algebra problem by proving that there was 'nothing but ink' on the page. Of course he would be telling the truth: there is nothing but ink there. But the algebra problem is not a ghost inhabiting one of the ink-patches. He will never find it as something left over after making an inventory of all the ink on the page. He will find it only by a different approach to the very same data.

This is a poor analogy in some ways, though it brings out one or two useful points. Obviously, I am not suggesting that the scientist is silly to study the brain in the way he does. He is using a perfectly valid and useful method for his purpose. Nor is it fair, as even some Christians have done, to describe the scientist's method as 'incomplete' or as 'leaving something out', as if it could and ought to be improved so as to make room for mind in his inventory. 'Mind' is not in the physical inventory because it does not belong there, any more than the algebra problem had a place in the inventory of ink-patches.

What our analogy does make clear, I think, is that you cannot 'debunk' one account of a situation merely by producing a different account that fits the facts. If both are supported by the facts and consistent with one another (like the ink-description and the algebra-description) then both are true, and that is that! The two, as we say, are complementary. It looks in fact as if the old debate, as to whether man was 'nothing but' a mechanism or 'something more', arose not because people were disagreed about facts, but rather because both sides were agreed in accepting a wrong formulation of the problem. Our suggestion would be that it need not be a matter of 'either—or' at all, but only one of deciding which description is appropriate in which circumstances. 'All right', you may say, 'I can see that the Christian view of man need not be incompatible with a thoroughgoing scientific attitude to the mechanism of his brain. But if it is just a matter of judging appropriateness—who is to decide? This is obviously an important point. Let us consider it in terms of a practical example. Professor Baillie, you may remember, warned us in his talk against attributing our lapses from duty to natural causes, instead of to our freely chosen purposes. We might well ask 'Why?' If there are natural causes, why should we decide that one description is more appropriate than the other? It is here that our distinction between actor-language and observer-language comes in. If I were deliberately to choose to neglect some duty, I do not doubt that an ideal scientific observer could in principle give a complete account, though not necessarily a prediction, of the corresponding physical processes in my brain and body, probably using typical 'observer-words' like 'electric current', 'nerve cell', or 'chemical concentration'. At the same time, I myself as the actor could offer an equally valid account of my behaviour in terms of words like 'purpose', 'choice', and 'responsibility'. These are words that we understand mainly because we ourselves are people who purpose, choose, and feel responsibility. They are typical 'actor-words'.

'Do not Mix your Languages'

You can probably see now how the question of appropriateness normally settles itself. If I freely choose to neglect my duty, it would be illogical for me to offer an observer-account of my lapse, for concepts like 'my choosing' do not belong to observer-accounts. On the other hand, if I have been hit on the head and so prevented from doing my duty, it is entirely appropriate to account for my failure in terms of natural causes, since it is a physical situation, describable in observer-language, that I have to explain. In other words, to use Professor Baillie's distinction, I can account for my physical disabilities in terms of causes, but I can account for my free choices only in

terms of reasons. The golden rule is: do not mix your languages. Words or concepts defined for different logical backgrounds do not mix.

Of course, I am not saying that there is no connection between accounts in the two languages. I know, for example, that if I take certain drugs, I shall probably impair my power of moral judgment. The point is that if I choose to take the drug, I take with it responsibility for the resulting impairment and its outcome. In fact I do not really see how any description in observer-language can ever release us from our responsibility as actors, as long as we are capable of saying 'I choose to do this, and take the consequences'.

But let us come back to less theoretical ground. Granted that the Christian view of man is at least tenable, and that there are good logical reasons against assigning natural causes for things like my deliberate lapses from duty, is the Christian view true? Let me say at once that I am not going to try to 'prove' that it is true. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any argument can do more than prove the Christian position to be not unreasonable. If an argument claims to do more, then, for me at least, it is suspect. 'How, then, do you expect people to adopt the Christian position?' you may ask. This brings us to a much more personal level, on which a scientist can speak with no special authority. But I can say that I was hung up myself at this point for a long time, looking for some kind of logical proof that would compel me to assent to Christian doctrines, and restlessly dismissing each argument I came to as inconclusive. The mistake I made lay in thinking that becoming a Christian 'was' just a matter of adopting a position—of taking up a set of beliefs, and maintaining them by argument. I was putting the cart before the horse, of course, as I realised eventually. The basis of a Christian's conviction of the truth of his faith is not that he has solved an intellectual riddle, but that he has come to know a living Person—the Person of Jesus Christ. It is his new relationship with God that makes the doctrine ring true, and not the other way round. The reason that so many of us lack this conviction is, I think, not that the evidence is not available, but that we look for the wrong kind of evidence in the wrong way. We look for facts and arguments, instead of being prepared to be met by a Person. At least, so it was with me.

This already may sound preposterously mysterious language for a scientist, and I must try to explain what I mean. Let us suppose we are meeting a human friend. 'A mass of pink protoplasm rises to a height of five feet and begins to pucker and wobble up and down noisily'—but, of course, that is the wrong language. I should say 'he rises to his feet wreathed in smiles and greets us heartily'. Why should I? Because we came to meet a person, not just a thing, and it makes more sense to describe what happened in personal terms. That is just what a Christian means when he says that he knows Jesus Christ as a living Person. He finds that all kinds of experience, still perfectly describable in ordinary terms, can come to demand interpretation as meetings with that Person—sometimes when least expected. So reading the Bible, for example, has often become for me a meeting with Christ. By this I mean that the experience of reading has had for me the full significance of an interview with a friend who is alive and addresses me. I do not mean that I have heard a mysterious voice as I have read; on the other hand, I do mean something much more than mere metaphor. There is a metaphorical sense in which I may be

said to meet Shakespeare in his sonnets; but the Christ who meets the Christian in the New Testament or in the Church may meet him also in the bustle of daily routine, may meet him in guidance at a difficult moment, may meet him in command or rebuke. He is *alive*. And it is the constant experience of His living presence that forms the basis of the Christian's faith, and at the same time safeguards it from degenerating into speculative nonsense.

To me, as a scientist, I think nothing is so satisfying as the Christian revelation, that this Person whom I know as friend and worship as Lord is also the author of all the activity that we experience and study as the physical universe. You can see, I think, how lightheartedly the Christian who is a scientist can plunge into any worthwhile line of research, and how groundless he would deem any fears that some new discovery might upset the faith.

Let me end with an example of what I mean by all this. I suppose we have all come across passages from Christ's Sermon on the Mount. You will find the fullest account in Matthew's Gospel from chapter v to chapter vii. There we read sentences like this: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'. 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God'. And we say so often, do we not, 'Ah yes, if only everyone would live up to the Sermon on the Mount, the world would be a better place'. In other words—let us face it—our natural inclination is to read this Sermon as directed at the other fellow.

I must confess that I find it easier to read it in this way. But if I want to meet Christ in reading it, the first requirement is that I must read it as 'addressing me'. And when I do that, willing that Christ should address me, my experience is entirely different. I am aware of a lot of facts and duties enjoined, yes: but above all I am aware of the presence with me of the living Master whose words are addressing me, meeting me in divine love that never seems changed by my utter failure to live up to His standard. It is the realisation of how far short I come of returning this love of Christ that makes real to me these often-misunderstood Christian concepts, the sense of sin and the need of forgiveness.

Now, from the very nature of my research I am convinced, as I am sure you realise, that all these experiences are mine through processes of which complementary accounts could, in principle, be given in terms of psychology and physics. It is what a Christian should expect, since his body is part of God's world. This, however, in no way alters the fact that to me the significance of what happens (just as in our earlier example) is most appropriately described in terms of personal encounter. To substitute one of the other descriptions would do less than justice to the facts.

I sincerely hope that in saying all this I have not given you the impression that meeting Christ is an easy matter of just making up one's mind to do so. In a sense, these requirements are simple to understand, but they may be far from easy to meet. It is like making an apology: you know all you have to do; it is not so easy to do it. But if, hitherto, you have found that with the best will in the world you have not been able to make sense of the New Testament, I do commend this approach, not simply to the Sermon on the Mount, or even to the four Gospels, but to the whole. It is a matter on which no one can decide as a spectator. The experiment must be made.

—Home Service

The Progress of Criticism—III

Psychology and Literary Criticism

By MATTHEW HODGART

THE argument about psychology and literature must begin with the older argument about biography. Just how much is it necessary to know about a writer's life before we can arrive at a true estimate of his work? The New Criticism tends to be purist in this respect. It shows a very proper distaste for the many biographical irrelevancies we have had to endure in the name of literary criticism in the past, and protests against the vulgar doctrine that the only, or the chief, meaning of the poem is its record of the poet's state of mind.

But, surely, there are a great many poems whose meaning becomes richer when we are aware of the problems which were occupying the

writer's mind. It is so with some Romantics whose subject was the Poet as Hero, and who unashamedly made literature out of their private dilemmas. And here the New Critics hardly seem to play fair: for example, Mr. Cleanth Brooks, who analyses Keats' odes with insight and intelligence, sternly forbids us to consider Keats' life as relevant. But Mr. Brooks really knows about Keats' consumption and Fanny Brawne all the time, and we can hardly conceive what it would be like to read the odes without this knowledge. Or who could read a line of Byron without being conscious of Byron the man? Even a small amount of biographical information may alter the way we respond to a literary work, although it may be quite an impersonal and objective

work; to learn that Chaucer was a kind of civil servant is to learn something about the *Canterbury Tales*. The New Critics, I take it, cannot really be recommending that readers stay in ignorance of Keats' health and Chaucer's profession.

So, if we are not to be puritanical about biography and literature, we must allow the psychological study of the writer as part of the critic's task. Modern psychology has given us new techniques for describing personality, and for exploring the relationship between a writer's life and his art: it may help us to see how his personal conflicts, of which he himself may not be fully conscious, are transmuted into art in a disguised form. Such a study was attempted by Mr. Robson some time ago on this programme, when he discussed the relation of Wordsworth's 'Lucy' poems to the poet's unconscious feelings about his sister. This kind of approach owes a great deal to 'depth psychology' or the dynamic psychology of the unconscious, associated with Sigmund Freud. I prefer the term 'depth psychology' to the word 'psycho-analysis'—a word implying a particular therapeutic technique about which a critic need have no opinions, even if he does subscribe to Freud's theory of the mind. Many studies based on this theory have been unsatisfactory, since they have been produced by literary amateurs who have taken gross liberties with writers' reputations without considering all the data.

Uses of 'Depth Psychology'

The happiest influences of depth psychology can be seen in more or less normal literary studies of a biographical type, undertaken by competent writers whose intuition has been sharpened on Freud's whetstone: for example, Mr. Edmund Wilson's admirable essays on Dickens, Kipling, and Ben Jonson. Here is a writer in the humane tradition, capable of making us see what a book is really about and what is good in it, and yet not afraid to look into the deeper levels of the writer's mind. In the new edition of *The Triple Thinkers* he uses a Freudian typology to explain Ben Jonson's peculiar attitude to men and books, without failing to convey just how great a literary man Jonson was.

Modern psychology has even influenced the study of a writer's sources, which is among other things a kind of biography. A classic of this kind, like Livingstone Lowes' *Road to Xanadu*, could hardly have been written before there was a general interest in the way the mind reproduces unconscious memories. Lowes was successful in tracking down a huge number of things which Coleridge read and wonderfully re-created in 'The Ancient Mariner'. Coleridge himself noted how the imagination 'dissolves, diffuses, dissipates in order to re-create', but Lowes was the first to show that Coleridge could not have been fully conscious of the way he used his sources. Lowes' own theory of the mind is rather crude and sketchy, but it was enough that he should have known the concept of the unconscious.

The study of particular biographies has led critics on to a general problem: are the poets mad? Is the artist neurotic, or at least maladjusted, and is he a special kind of man?

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

This old tag has been revived in recent years, and has received many ingenious psychiatric glosses. On the face of it there is a great deal of supporting evidence, even from the eighteenth century. The best poets of the Age of Reason were those who had lost their reason: Collins Smart, Cowper, and Blake were insane, Gray melancholic, and even Dr. Johnson mildly manic-depressive. It is hardly necessary to catalogue the drug addicts and psychopaths of the Romantic Agony. And if not grossly neurotic, many artists certainly suffered from defects which made them maladjusted to society: everyone knows that Pope was a hunchback, Byron lame, Homer blind, Beethoven deaf, and Dante very difficult. But this tends to be a boring subject, and has been loosely handled, even by Mr. Wilson. In a subtle and moving essay on Sophocles' 'Philoctetes', Mr. Wilson restated the old notion as an influential modern myth, which he calls *The Wound and the Bow*. Philoctetes, who was marooned on an island because he had a vile-smelling wound, and was later sought out by his comrades because his magic bow was needed for the Trojan war, is taken as the type of modern writer. His sickness is the price he pays for a deeper grasp of poetic truth; rejected by society, he is needed by society for the therapeutic or legislative power of his art.

It is hard to resist this persuasive interpretation, yet I believe we must, and here I am glad to follow Professor Trilling. In *The Liberal Imagination* Trilling has written most convincingly on 'Art and Neurosis'. He argues that if an artist's power comes from his neurosis, so

must the power of a scientist, or indeed of anyone who takes the trouble to use his mind creatively. Again, the neurotic conflicts to be observed in artists are present in all of us to some degree. As Freud said, 'We are all ill': that is the price we necessarily and gladly pay for our civilisation, which must set up conflicts between our instincts and social taboos. In the less lucky these conflicts emerge as neuroses. If this is true, then there is no special problem of the artist. I would go even further than Trilling in suggesting an explanation for the high incidence of mental illness among artists. Whether Freud be right or not about the causes of mental illness, there is undoubtedly a great deal of it about, as statistics show: neither rich nor poor, clever nor illiterate are spared. A high proportion of the human race suffers from complaints varying between certifiable insanity on the one hand, and slight waste of psychic energy on the other, and the artists, I suggest, represent about an average cross-section of the human race. They have quite naturally received more attention than other people because most of them are interesting in themselves, and because we tend to know more about their inner lives, thanks to their autobiographies, confessions, and letters, and the services of biographers. But they are not in a special class of mental health: the poet, except for his poetic gifts, is a normal man.

But when it comes to accounting for these poetic gifts, psychology has given disappointing answers. Freudian theories about the creative process, which try to show how the artist can turn fantasy and the stuff that dreams are made on into art, are still inadequate, as Trilling has shown in another essay called 'Freud and Literature'; and theories of other schools are still less helpful.

But if psychology has not told us much about the creative process, it has been of great service in one of the most interesting aspects of literary criticism; that is, the explanation of a work of art in terms of itself. Important as it is to refer a book to the biography of its writer, or to its social and philosophical background, it is still more important to find out what the book is about. By this I do not simply mean the plot or argument, but the writer's attitude to his material which can be traced in the patterns of ideas and imagery—all that we imply by poetic meaning. As Mr. Hough said in his talk*, a great deal of critical effort has been expended in analysing the complexities of poetic meaning, and in showing how the words in a poem convey through their overtones more than any paraphrase of their prose meaning can show. Mr. Empson and his followers have enriched our understanding of poetry by their search for double meanings, puns, symbols, and implicit ideas. Shakespearean scholars like Caroline Spurgeon and Dr. Wilson Knights have revealed the subtle interconnections of one part of a play with another; and how apparently casual words and images echo the main themes; even the ravings of Ophelia and the jests of the Fool in 'Lear' have a dramatic relevance, in detail, to the rest of 'Hamlet' and 'Lear'.

Modern psychology should be given credit for having stimulated this kind of enquiry. Before Freud discovered the mechanism of dream symbolism and made us aware of the latent content of dreams, the modern approach to poetic language would hardly have been possible. And critics still have something to learn from his painstaking and observant technique, particularly in noting how even the smallest detail may be significant and give the clue to the whole. I am not, of course, recommending the game of 'Hunt the Symbol', because criticism ought to have grown out of that by now, and I am not forgetting that criticism is, after all, an art, not an applied science.

Baring the Psyche by Intuition

The criticism of a book in terms of itself also includes the discussion of characters. Few critics are still naive enough to talk about a writer's characters as if they were actual historical people, with real biographies. We now agree with Mr. Knights that the answer to the question, 'How many children had Lady Macbeth?' is that it does not matter. But that is not to say, as Mr. Knights appears to say, that it does not matter what Lady Macbeth or Macbeth themselves were like. Part of Shakespeare's greatness lies in his ability to portray types and mental processes—psychological laws, if you like—so that they strike us as true, and help us to understand similar processes in our own minds. Other writers have been able to lay bare the human psyche—the great tragedians, Sophocles, Racine, Ibsen, perhaps even better than the novelists—and they have done so intuitively, without being committed to any particular psychological theory. Even when such a theory has influenced a writer, it has usually been too vague to account for the depth of his insight.

NEWS DIARY

September 3-9

Wednesday, September 3

Trades Union Congress passes resolution asking General Council to draw up proposals for extending social ownership in industry

Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, expresses hope that Persia will reconsider recent Anglo-American proposals for settling oil dispute

114th annual meeting of British Association for the Advancement of Science opens in Belfast

Thursday, September 4

T.U.C. approve General Council's statement on economic situation advocating restraint in wage claims

Banishment order on Tshekedi Khama, former Regent of Bamangwato tribe, revoked

Nineteen non-European leaders of civil disobedience campaign committed for trial in Johannesburg under Suppression of Communism Act

Friday, September 5

Egyptian Cabinet reorganised; a new Ministry of Reconstruction created

Three Western Powers send new Notes to Russia on Austrian treaty saying they believe the way is now clear for a settlement

Saturday, September 6

Twenty-nine people killed and sixty-three injured when a de Havilland 110 jet fighter disintegrated in mid-air at Farnborough Air Show

Representatives of United Kingdom, United States, and France draft reply to Soviet Union's latest Note on Germany

Sunday, September 7

Aly Maher, Egyptian Prime Minister, resigns. New Government formed by General Neguib

Dr. Moussadeq makes statement on rejection of Anglo-American offer on oil dispute

Monday, September 8

New Egyptian Cabinet appoints General Neguib military Governor-General of Egypt and approves land reforms and bill to reorganise Egyptian political parties

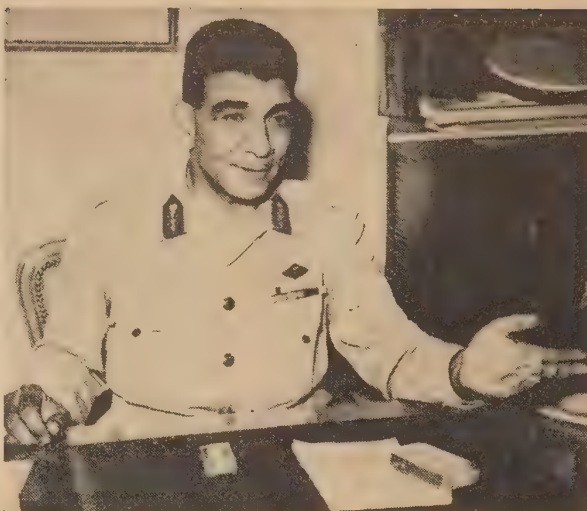
Mr. Churchill meets members of T.U.C. General Council to discuss printing trade dispute

Tuesday, September 9

Shipbuilding Employers' Federation again refuses demands for wage increases

Soviet proposal to admit fourteen members *en bloc* to United Nations rejected by Security Council by 5 votes to 2

Dr. Schacht leaves for Teheran to give Persian Government advice on financial matters



General Neguib, who on July 23 carried out the *coup d'état* which resulted in the abdication of King Farouk, has now become Prime Minister as well as Commander-in-Chief. After the Army had compelled Aly Maher to resign the Premiership last Sunday fifty political leaders, including two former Prime Ministers, were put under arrest



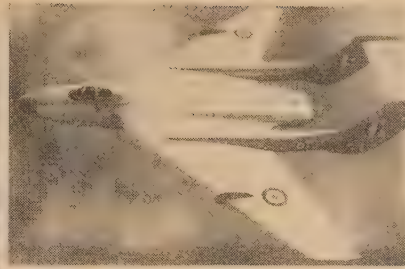
Restoration work on Old Bailey has now progressed far enough to allow of the opening this week of three permanent courts. The photograph shows one of the repainted domes of the Grand Hall

The massed Pipe bands marching into Royal Park, Braemar, to play at the opening of the Highland Gathering on September 11. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended and were welcomed by a crowd of 40,000 people—the biggest ever known at the Gathering





Senior R.A.F. officers inspecting parts of the wreckage of the de Havilland 110 jet fighter (inset) after it had disintegrated during a supersonic flight at Farnborough Air Show on Saturday. The pilot, John Derry, his observer, Anthony Richards, and twenty-nine spectators were killed; sixty-three people were injured. H.M. the Queen sent a message of sympathy to the bereaved



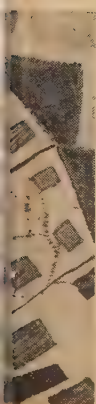
Part of the fuselage of the de Havilland 110 hurtling through the air after the aircraft had broken up. The heavy casualties among the spectators were caused by one of the jet engines of the fighter falling among the crowd who were watching the display from a nearby hillside



Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Foreign Minister, who died in Rome on September 4 in his seventy-ninth year. Count Sforza became Foreign Minister in 1920 and in 1922 Italian Ambassador in Paris but resigned when Mussolini came to power and later left Italy. During the war he became the leader of Italian exiles in the American continent. He returned to Italy in 1943 and held several posts under the first post-war Italian Government, becoming Foreign Minister again from 1947 to 1951



Gertrude Lawrence, the actress, who died in New York on September 6. She is seen in the photograph as she appeared in 'September Tide' which was performed in London in 1948. She made her name as a revue artist and achieved a great success when she played the leading feminine part in 'Private Lives' by Noël Coward which he wrote for her. Her appearances on the New York stage were frequent and she was acting in a play called 'The King and I' at the time of her last illness



Left: 'Havoc in a Seaside Town' by Margaret Spittle, aged twelve: one of the paintings on view in the fifth National Exhibition of Children's Art at the Royal Institute Galleries, London



Characters from Walt Disney's film cartoons decorating six miles of Blackpool's promenade for its nineteenth annual display of illuminations



The annual service arranged by the Cromwell Association to commemorate the Lord Protector was held beneath Oliver Cromwell's statue outside the Houses of Parliament on September 3. The St. Simon Zelotes choir is seen singing at the service. The address was given by the Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot, P.C.

For example, the Elizabethan picture of the mind, which is based on the four humours, and, in particular, Bright's treatise on melancholy, have been traced in 'Hamlet', but Elizabethan psychology cannot possibly explain the penetration and truth of the play. Only modern psychology, applied to the play by somebody with a feeling for literature, can begin to explain why we all feel that Shakespeare is here revealing a particular truth about human nature. I wish I could say that it has already explained this, but I cannot. There is a well-known attempt by Dr. Ernest Jones to do so, but he is inclined to concentrate on Shakespeare's own unconscious, and does not realise that the play's the thing. A more convincing psychiatric study is Dr. Wertham's *Dark Legend*; he shows greater awareness of the play's complexities, and rightly avoids speculating about Shakespeare's mind, contenting himself with showing how the behaviour of Hamlet, and also of Orestes, resembles in many ways a psycho-neurotic pattern which he observed in an actual case-history. These theories, which are discussed in Mr. F. L. Lucas' *Psychology and Literature*, may be inconclusive, but at least they have altered many readers' attitude to the play and can only be a help to future critical work.

By now a good many character studies of this kind have been written, of varying worth. Some of the best are by Freud himself, who had wide knowledge of literature, and excellent taste. He did not try to 'psycho-analyse' Shakespeare or Ibsen, but pointed out that these and other great writers had discovered the unconscious long before he had formulated the theory. Freud wrote interestingly on 'Macbeth' and 'Lear', and brilliantly on Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm'. In a few pages he explains the real motives for Rebecca West's refusal to marry Rosmer, and her suicide, motives which Ibsen actually put into the play, although for dramatic reasons he did not make them quite explicit. What is made clear to Rebecca by Kroll's revelations is that she has sinned in the way that Oedipus sinned; her recognition of this fact is an even stronger cause of the change in her state of mind than the one she admits to, namely the influence of Rosmer and of his house. This, I think, is genuine literary criticism by Freud, and a successful elucidation of the dramatist's intentions—an elucidation which does not import extra-literary ideas into the discussion. A famous or notorious study on these lines is Edmund Wilson's interpretation of *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James, a ghost story which has puzzled many

readers. Wilson's point is that the sinister events recounted by the governess are in fact her fantasies, conditioned by her feelings towards her employer. This has been challenged, and Mr. Wilson has had to modify his theory, concluding that 'not merely is the governess self-deceived, but James is self-deceived about her'. In its modified form, this study seems to me the best interpretation.

There is a final topic, with which many will think I should have begun: this is the relation of psychology to theories of value. Can we estimate the value of a literary work by the effects it has on our minds? That is to ask if psychology can provide objective standards of value, and so dispel the age-old worry critics have felt about the relativity of literary taste. Dr. I. A. Richards has tried to make psychology the basis of a theory of value; a work of art is to be judged objectively, by the degree to which it orders our conflicting impulses and has a healing effect on the mind. But even if this process of ordering the impulses were measurable—and as far as I know it is not—the experiment would have to be performed on an ideal reader, as Dr. Richards admits. For anyone less perfect than an ideal reader would be liable to errors of taste, and would permit his impulses to be balanced by inferior works of art, say by a fragment of a lyric rather than by the *Divine Comedy*. In this theory, therefore, good taste and good judgment are the final arbiters, and yet it is never explained how one acquires them in the first place.

That is not the only psychological theory of value, but the others I know of are open to the same kind of objection. Their champions would sweep aside the methods by which critics try to establish the value of works of art: that is, by comparing them one with another, explaining their hidden beauties, and by relating them to various criteria, such as beauty of form and truth to life. Instead of using these methods they would prefer to judge literature according to the degree to which it promotes mental health. But the only way they can show that it does promote mental health is by showing that it is good art, and to do that they have to fall back on the normal methods of literary criticism. Although psychology cannot solve the problem of value, it has encouraged normal literary criticism of the biographical and analytical kind, as I have tried to show. Criticism is a matter of exploration and if psychology cannot give us the answers it can help us to ask the right questions.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Science and Faith

Sir,—The man of science who is not a man of faith usually says, 'This cannot be true because I cannot prove it to be true by my scientific methods'. The man of science who is also a man of faith says, 'The methods of science cannot be applied to religion, any more than they can be applied to art, friendship, love, and so on. These things all belong to different worlds, and you are wrong to try to judge them by the same methods'.

I suggest that this way of looking at the problem is false. For supposing a man of science were to describe man as an animal—surely such a description would only be complete if it included certain needs which the animal, man, obviously feels. Among these needs, besides the fundamental needs for survival, reproduction, sustenance, and the like, would be numbered the need for scientific knowledge, artistic expression, moral and social development, and worship, or at least wonder at the creative force behind the universe. All these needs (or their means of expression) are capable of training, and it is here that the difficulty really begins, I think.

In scientific, and indeed in most other subjects, the stress is on the training of the intellect, and so we have acquired the habit of testing our education by intellectual standards, a very valuable habit. But when we come to education in religion, the habit of intellectual criticism

immediately creates enormous difficulties. To begin with, why one religion rather than another? Perhaps we answer, the Christian religion, because it is the religion of our country (a most unsatisfactory answer). If we accept that, we go on to examine the Christian documents and find great difficulty in accepting them literally. Even if we ignore the Old Testament, and the problems of Creation, the Christian story itself offers much that the intellect, if otherwise unbiased, would undoubtedly reject. The Virgin Birth is an obvious example. (In fact, I think it is erroneous to say that science cannot explain mysticism. Surely the visions of the mystic are usually explained as the expressions of an abnormal or unbalanced mind.)

There are other difficulties in reconciling the Christian teaching with society as we know it. Christ gave certain definite commands, but these are not taken literally by ordinary Christians. He said we should love our neighbours as ourselves, but though it is a good thing to get on well with our neighbours, it is really hardly practicable to love them as ourselves, nor would it be regarded as normal if we did. He said we should give all we have to the poor, but nobody does this. He said we should love our enemies, and turn the other cheek, but only the rare conscientious objector carries this out, and he is not universally admired. Even the Church tells us we are allowed to defend ourselves. Now,

either the Master meant these commands, or He did not mean them; but put to a practical test we find that they are unrealistic, and that the man who carried them all out literally would be regarded as abnormal, and even as a traitor, in certain circumstances.

It is true that intellectual and practical tests often fail us in other spheres, such as artistic expression and appreciation. Everyone knows that Shakespeare was seldom accurate in matters of detail, and that many of his plots were outrages on common sense, but this does not detract from his greatness as a poet. The difficulty is that religion purports to give us a definite guide in the moral conduct of our lives, and so its teachings must be capable of passing practical tests.

It seems to me that religion in the general sense, the religion that moves all men irrespective of detailed dogma or creed, presents none of these difficulties. It shows us a creative force behind the world, and so recommends to us creative activities as being the best channel for our energies. This is surely sufficient 'purpose' in life? When it comes to details of behaviour, most of us model it on the society in which we happen to find ourselves, and this is true in practice of the professing Christian as well as of the non-Christian.

I think if we look at it in this way there is no difficulty about being a man of faith as well as

a man of science; any more than about being a lover of music as well as a man of science.

Yours, etc.,
Birmingham JOAN M. WINTER

Sir,—E. G. H. Crouch asserts that 'science is self-containing: there is no need for any hypothesis about God' and 'the only faith that science has is in the idea that the world is explainable by laws abstracted by observation and experiment'.

But whence the conative energy which alone is responsible for both the illumination of the hypothesis produced by acute perception and observation, and the long, arduous, and patient grind of verification by experiment? These, surely, are the outcome of conative energy which can work only through the agency of the complete personality. Science establishes the relationship between conative and natural energy and asserts what we may or may not do with available natural energy, but it can live only in and through the agency of personality. The religious hypothesis of God and the scientific hypothesis of eternal energy are merely the intellectual and personal aspects of the one faith, but science can only live through personality be it self, leader, king, president, or God.—Yours, etc.,
London, E.10 H. W. PRITCHETT

Sir,—Professor John Baillie in his talk on 'Science and Faith' (published in THE LISTENER of August 28) naturally invited attack from atheists and positivists (the point of view expressed by your correspondent, Mr. Crouch). The issue is not new: it goes back to the old battle between the Stoics and the Epicureans and as long as the argument is conducted at the plane of abstract reason and fact, it is unlikely to be decided either way. Reason (as distinct from Right Reason or *recta ratio*) never compelled anyone to 'look thro' Nature up to Nature's God'. The whole discussion can really take place only at the level of spiritual understanding which we find displayed by the author of *Proverbs*, for instance, and thereafter by all the truly religious philosophers of nature, from the hermetic writers down to Whichcot, Boyle, Cudworth, and Ray at the beginning of the modern era.

I may say that, precisely from this point of view, I find Professor Baillie's thesis not altogether satisfactory. By taking Bacon and Descartes (admittedly the founders of the metaphysics of modern science) as his models, he seems to have placed himself among very doubtful company; after all, the distance between them and Hobbes is not so very great and in Hobbes's system we certainly find no room for any Divine action either in the realm of nature or of history. For their attempt to exclude Final Causes from the explanation of phenomena, the Cartesians were attacked by the religious philosophers of the seventeenth century, including Henry More who pointed out that the mechanical hypothesis was incapable of exhibiting the vital and organic relations subsisting between God and nature.

Is the separation of the realms of science and faith, with its corollary that God's purposes in nature are unknowable, a Christian principle? Certainly Bacon thought it was; on the other hand, Robert Boyle thought it was not. Not being a Christian I find it hard to judge who is the better Christian; but I am quite sure of one thing and that is that Professor Baillie has not done justice to the depth and complexity of the Old Testament teaching on this issue. To judge by the latter part of his broadcast, Professor Baillie is prepared to admit Old Testament sources as part of a natural theology for Christians. But what of Psalm CIV, for instance? Does not the author of that Psalm see nature 'im-

pregnated with Final Causes'? I hardly think a better phrase could be found to describe the view of nature presented by prophet and psalmist.—Yours, etc.,

The University,
Leeds HAROLD FISCH

Are There Eternal Truths?

Sir,—Your correspondents, Mr. D. G. Evans and Mr. S. West, criticising in THE LISTENER of August 28 Sir E. Whittaker's talk on eternal truths, appear to have misunderstood Eddington's Principle. Since the matter is of general interest and their misconceptions rather typical, I should be very glad if you would allow me to correct their ideas on the matter.

Eddington's Principle, as stated in his *Philosophy of Physical Science* and subsequent writings, is that the mathematically expressed laws of physics are subjective, not only in so far as they depend for their form upon the laws of our own intellect, but that also the constants of nature which enter into these laws can be obtained by *a priori* reasoning. The first half of the statement is common knowledge since Kant's Critique of Pure Reason—provided his conclusions are accepted; the second half is Eddington's discovery. What Sir E. Whittaker calls 'eternal truths' are, therefore, by no means as Mr. Evans believes, metaphysics, that is something transcending the very possibility of knowledge, but scientific truths of an epistemological nature. This means that they represent the inalienable forms of our own intellect. As such they are 'eternal laws' since we can never think without using, and obeying, them.

Whereas Mr. Evans confuses metaphysical with epistemological truths, Mr. West confuses mathematical with physical laws. Mathematical laws are 'eternal truths' in the sense that, as Kant has shown, they are not abstracted from experience, but rest upon the forms of our intellect. This, as remarked above, is known since Kant. The great step forward in Eddington's teaching is that the fundamental physical laws are deducible by *a priori* reasoning, not only as regards their form but also as regards the constants which enter into them. There is thus a profound difference—missed by Mr. West—between the statement about certain purely mathematical operations, as made by Mr. West, and Eddington's claim put forward by Sir E. Whittaker as justified, that a constant like 10^{78} , having a physical meaning, is an eternal truth.—Yours, etc.,

G. HERDAN,
University of Bristol Lecturer in Statistics

Sir,—In his talk on 'Are there eternal truths?', Sir Edmund Whittaker bases a vast edifice of theological speculation on the following argument. X (e.g., the cosmical number or 'a system of laws of nature') is 'true for all times and places' of the material universe, therefore its truth is timeless and eternal. The material universe is finite (3,000,000,000 years) therefore X is older than and prior to it. That is, 'the intellectual framework of nature is prior to nature herself'. And this points to God, etc.

This is a juggling with words that is the more dangerous because presented with the authority of an eminent scientist. (1) To say that X is true for all of a given time (e.g., electricity laws for whenever there was electricity even 'to palaeolithic man') does not imply that it is true for all time or infinitely, much less out of time (timeless). (2) X is timeless, i.e., out of time as we might say that the 'is' of 'honesty is a virtue' is timeless, then it cannot be older or younger than anything (e.g., the material universe) and, indeed, cannot ordinarily be said to exist (i.e., be describable by temporal and spatial

co-ordinates). (3) 'Are there eternal truths?' looks like 'are there very old trees?', but since its logic is entirely different the same kind of answer is not appropriate. 'That is a truth' is an elliptical way of saying 'that sentence states what is the case'. How could it be true to say that the laws of electricity are so and so at a time when there is no electricity? Laws are only 'eternal' when they are tautologous, and then they do not describe anything.—Yours, etc.,
University College, Hull ALAN R. WHITE

Sir,—Basically, man's nature forces him to continue the intellectual search for Truth: but the kind of truth he wants to find is that which enhances his self-esteem by giving him an important part in the Scheme of Things.

The human brain, like all matter, is atomic in structure, and all systems of thought, including mathematics, are the result of atomic 'brain-pattern' activities. The thought mechanism may be likened to a kind of resonance property of the brain. The range of this property varies from brain to brain, but is fundamentally unalterable. Mind training, especially the study of mathematics, simply accentuates the amplitude of this resonance and thereby brings it into consciousness. But this in no way proves that mathematics is absolute truth.

The so-called absolute truths, if there are such things, must, like absolute motion, remain for ever beyond our comprehension. Sir Edmund Whittaker's eternal truths could not have existed before mind, and will not exist after it. They are simply the inevitable consequence of the way in which the human mind functions.

If eternal truths are defined as those things conforming to what the brain mechanism apprehends as 'reality' in virtue of their complete identification with itself, then there are eternal truths. But we shall not be able to recognise them because the degree of completeness of identification with the brain mechanism can never be assessed by its own mechanism.

Yours, etc.,
London, N.2 VICTOR DUMERT

The Old Chief's Prayer

Sir,—While I appreciate Mr. A. S. G. Kassam's point (THE LISTENER of September 4), I should like to make it clear that no European manager featured in the incident in the Nairobi restaurant. On entering the place we were received by an Indian receptionist. It was he who first objected to some members of our group. Later Kenyatta talked to another Indian who seemed to be the man in charge. When I asked Kenyatta he informed me that that man was in fact the manager.

I talked to a number of Indians about that particular incident. Many of them got in touch with the place to register their disapproval. None of them claimed that the restaurant was leased to a European manager. There certainly was no sign of any European manager and no European of any kind featured in the incident at all. There is no ambiguity on that point.

Yours, etc.,
Loughton PETER ABRAHAMS

New Novels

Sir,—I am at a loss to understand the strictures which Mr. Calder-Marshall ('New Novels', September 4) passes on 'university and W.E.A. lecturers, who, poor dears, don't either receive review copies or get paid much'—and who, in their outer darkness, have created 'the thesis that there is such a thing as "The Novel" as opposed to "Fiction"'.

HOW MUCH STEEL

from this ship's cargo?



Specially designed for the transport of iron ore from new fields in West Africa and other overseas sources, the M.V. "Orelia" will carry an average cargo of 8,400 tons of this valuable steel-making, fuel-saving material.

This is one of fifteen ore ships to be ordered as part of the steel industry's post-war development plans begun in 1946. Their cargoes will help to feed the six new blast furnaces which British firms are bringing into operation during the year in this great expansion programme.

The extra pig iron produced in these new furnaces will increase Britain's annual output of steel by three-quarters of a million tons.

"KEEP ME MOVING!"

says

JACK SCRAP



The steel industry still needs all the scrap which engineering firms and other steel users can send back. Search out every ton of scrap on your premises. Your local scrap merchant will help with dismantling and collection.

Issued by the **BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION**
S.33 STEEL HOUSE, TOTHILL STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



See that your writing paper
bears the watermark:

SPICERS

Investment without anxiety

Surely, there never has been a time when it has been more necessary than it is today to safeguard your Capital and Savings. You can be as sure as you can be sure of anything that the money you invest in Planet Building Society Shares will be worth exactly the same, plus any Interest you allow to accrue, when you wish to withdraw it. And the Interest from day of investment to day of withdrawal is $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ net per annum, the Society paying the Income Tax.

The limit is £5,000; up to that amount any sum from £1 may be invested.

PLANET
BUILDING SOCIETY
Established 1848



Send now for Prospectus

PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2

Under-fed and ill-clothed though their families may be, most of the lecturers known to me show no particular keenness to take on novel reviewing; it would rarely help them in their job, which is teaching literature. In any case, their syllabuses on the modern novel (modern fiction, if preferred) commonly range from Henry James to James Joyce—and I fail to see that the 'definition' of the novel which this implies would be usefully widened by desperately cramming in handfuls of 'new novels'. Part of the poor dears' job is to remind people that the term 'novel' includes other examples than those they will read anyway. Does Mr. Calder-Marshall really see a Calvinistic threat to letters in their mild version of 'Also recommended ...'?—Yours, etc.,

University of Birmingham D. J. ENRIGHT

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall's review of E. H. W. Meyerstein's new novel, *Tom Tallion*, in *THE LISTENER* of September 4, leaves me with the impression that your reviewer is inclined to plume himself on his surprising ignorance of the very existence of one of our more original poets and novelists. We all have blind spots: I myself have never read Mr. Calder-Marshall's books (an omission which I may yet find time to rectify), but his name is not unknown to me and I should not confess the fact with complacency if it were.

Meanwhile, I recommend to Mr. Calder-Marshall more of E. H. W. Meyerstein's work and, in particular, his early book *Terence Duke*, a novel which some enterprising publisher might well republish.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

BRIAN HILL

Rupert Brooke

Sir,—Like Mr. A. P. Ryan, I listened 'with great interest and no little pleasure' to Mr. Patric Dickinson's 'Estimation'. Brooke and I happened to be intimate personal friends; so I tuned in less to hear Mr. Dickinson's criticism of Brooke's verse than to find out how far he could re-create the man. The literary criticism was, as I had expected, controversial and stimulating; the personal portrait resembled the man in two respects: they bore the same name and wrote the same poems. Mr. Ryan has 'debunked' Mr. Dickinson as a portraitist so good-naturedly that it would be unkind to rub the failure in; its measure lay in the reading of the satiric poems: they were read—presumably with Mr. Dickinson's approval, certainly with his acquiescence—as bitterly resentful; Brooke read them with no trace of resentment but immense glee. His dominating characteristic was, as is said to have been true of Keats, zest for life; laughter bubbled through him.

Two minor points. From early in 1914 until just before the outbreak of war he and I spent most days together, often half the night. My wife usually accompanied us, and a young, beautiful, and today famous actress, with whom Brooke was head over ears in love (as she with him). A fashionable American novelist speaks of him in her latest masterpiece as 'the pretty pansy poet'; it would be hard to find two more inept epithets. Presumably, like the vast majority of public-schoolboys in his era, he had homosexual experience at school; to regard him as, in any ordinary sense of the word, a homosexual, is, in the eyes of those who knew him, comic.

Yours, etc.,

Dittisham

MAURICE BROWNE

Sir,—I am not quite clear what Mr. A. P. Ryan really wants. However, he has now read my script and maintains his position: *i.e.*, that it is a piece of 'fashionable criticism'. By this he seems to mean that he dislikes the mention of sex. In particular he dislikes the idea, based, as he now knows, on a Rugbyian's evidence,

that Brooke's schooldays were not a complete furore. He also dislikes the idea that 'the Ranee', as Brooke called her, was less than a perfect mother. But he puts forward no evidence to the contrary. Instead, and for no extra charge, he treats us to a *divertissement* on an aspect of bad taste, which sufficiently displays his own. Then 'so far as he knows' he says that no one has ever assumed Brooke to have been a homosexual. He doesn't know far.

But it seems that what Mr. Ryan really wants me to have said is that Brooke was blissfully happy at Rugby and loved by all; that thereafter he was an ecstatically happy and successful lover (within the bounds of propriety); that in the South Seas he lived the life of a good, clean monk and returned to England a better, cleaner Old Rugbyian for it all. (If he did, I suggest the immediate removal of Rugby to Samoa.)

Yours, etc.,

Rye

PATRIC DICKINSON

Two Communist Capitals

Sir,—Mr. McClelland says that we should think of people in communist countries as human beings and do not do so. Who are 'we' and how does he know? Let him speak for himself and not be led astray by his own ingenuousness and lack of imagination.

I do not know Russia but I did know Germany well and had many experiences of the totalitarian regime in that country between 1933 and 1939. Anyone who spent some time in that country and did not look behind the scenes came back with just the same story as he brought back from his sponsored visits to Moscow and Peking. Of course the man or woman in the street goes about his or her business and makes the best of things. Did he expect everyone to be in tears or wringing his hands?

It was only when one got to know Germans personally that one got some inkling of the truth and then very little in many cases because many Germans did not know themselves. There was however one difference: one could visit Germans in their homes and talk to them freely, so long as no one was within earshot. Did Mr. McClelland get inside any Russian homes? Would any Russian have dared to invite him?

Yours, etc.,

Werrington

G. E. TOULMIN

'Chez Moi'

Sir,—With reference to the extract from a talk published in *THE LISTENER* of August 21, Walcott in his *Memorials of Westminster* says:

In 1708 the houses in Prescott Street were distinguished by numbers.

This, as far as I know, is the earliest reference to street numbering in London.—Yours, etc.,

Hastings

W. W. MARSH

Sir,—At the end of the straggling main street in Borth (Cardiganshire) is a small house known as 'The Limit'. Later a house was built next door. It rejoices in the name, 'The Very Limit'.

Yours, etc.,

Aberystwyth

D. L. M. W.

Plat du Jour—II

Sir,—When Isabelle Vischer gives counsels of 'perfection' for the presentation of a steak, one assumes that the wine will be worthy of the occasion, and, indeed, we are warned that it must be good. It is therefore surprising that, ignoring claret, and passing over the famous burgundies of the Cote d'Or, she asks us to prefer Beaujolais, and specifically from Ville-Morgon, an area of little distinction, where she picks a very young wine of a year when the vintage was of inferior quality. I venture to dispute the claim

that such a choice could be 'best of all'; unless it really was 'a dream'!—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 MADGE WINTERBOTHAM

Paul Tillich

Sir,—The Rev. Daniel Jenkins' appraisal of Tillich's *Systematic Theology* (in *THE LISTENER* of August 7) as 'not theology' calls for comment. He challenges the distinction of kerygmatic and apologetic theology; he accuses Tillich, because of a 'relative indifference to Biblical categories', of a weakness of method which leads to an 'impressionistic rather than a systematic theology'.

Tillich makes clear (*Protestant Era*, 83-4), that kerygmatic and apologetic are two types of theology; any instance of one type *must* include elements of the other; there is mutual and essential involvement of the two elements, and this is so because of the very nature of theology itself. But the aim of theology is to transcend the two types. 'Therefore the theological ideal is the complete unity of both types' (*ibid.*). 'Kerygmatic theology needs apologetic theology for its completion'. (*Systematic Theology*, page 6). The distinction is valid but not final.

Readers of *Protestant Era* may judge whether Tillich shows a 'relative indifference to Biblical categories', in his discussion of 'the demonic', grace, kairos (intensive time), and logos. In the new volume 'agape' is treated. Tillich proceeds beyond lexicographical study of words and concepts to new conceptual elaborations. Categories of an Aristotelian, Kantian, or Biblical table are neither fixed nor unchanging. The new volume is brilliant in showing their relationship.

The question of theological method receives full, explicit treatment. The implications of the method of correlation briefly stated in *Protestant Era*, page xxvi, are stated in relation to the Bible, Church, tradition, and culture. Tillich rightly holds that method and system are grounded in fundamental theological belief, and that adequacy in elaborating and testing that belief is the only criterion of method. If the subject-matter of theology be 'the Divine-human encounter' then the correlation between man's questions and God's answers is the only adequate method. Finally, 'question and answer are not separated'. (*S.T.* page 61)

To describe Tillich's thought as 'impressionistic rather than systematic' is absurd, and springs from a Barthian equation of systematic theology with dogmatics. If theology finds its *chief* but not its only source in the Bible and Church, then its system, its method, and theology will be wider than those of dogmatics. Is a 'system' (which) 'deals with a group of actual problems which demand a solution in a special situation' and seeks rational consistency, 'impressionistic'? With 'the chaos of our spiritual life and the impossibility of creating a *Summa*', must we not start with where 'God speaks to man as man is'?

Readers of *Protestant Era* may anticipate *Systematic Theology* with expectations even beyond those raised by Mr. Jenkins' discerning review.

Yours, etc.,

Chicago, Ill.

W. S. MORRIS

Applause at Broadcast Concerts

Sir,—Loud hand clapping 'en masse' is possibly one of the ugliest sounds a set produces. Yet this follows, or, should I say, 'cuts short' the superb endings of such symphonies as 'The Pastoral' at the Promenade concerts. Would 'Promenaders' try to consider the feelings of radio listeners and give just a moment's interval after some great work for the sake of those who applaud afar off and inwardly.—Yours, etc.,

Drogheda, Eire

W. M. A. JONES

Art

Our Parish Churches

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

HOW many people realise, I wonder, that, with the possible exception of Italy, England offers a greater number of architectural pleasures to every ten square miles than any other country, even France? Our towns cannot vie with the Italian nor our cathedrals with the French, but in our country districts, partly through the good fortune of not having had our land fought over for so long, the standard is unequalled anywhere. For the holiday-maker,

book, and many of Mr. Smith's photographs are superb. No less than 93 of the 226 plates are full-page (*i.e.*, about 10 ins. by 7½ ins.), and even many of the smaller ones succeed in communicating sensations of texture which add greatly to the pleasure and interest. I wish it were possible to write with equal enthusiasm about the introductory essay and notes. It is one of the attractions of this book that it bears the stamp of being a labour of love; but one cannot escape the feeling that Mr. Hutton never decided what kind of reader he was addressing. For the student of architecture, the inclusion, for instance, of a glossary which troubles to define jamb and lintel, nave and vault; seems jejune, especially since many less familiar terms used, such as porticus, label, wall-plate, reticulated, aumbry and Easter sepulchre are omitted. To the layman, on the other hand, he has offered too much information and not enough interpretation. A few of the notes on the plates (Thirsk, for example: No. 132) are exactly right, but the majority are cluttered with information (in the preceding note, for instance, 25 lines out of 27) which the relevant plate does not illustrate, so that they read like the drier kind of guide book entry. A good many corrections could also be made, mainly on points of detail.

Does the choice of examples give a balanced general picture to someone unfamiliar with English parish churches? The inclusion of typical as well as outstanding buildings was undoubtedly right. Some of the photographs of village churches of minor architectural importance, such as Hales, reproduced on this page, are among the most delightful in the book. A few examples of fonts, monumental sculpture, ornamental details in stone and wood, church furniture, and wall paintings are also very welcome. The Saxon and Norman plates are chosen with excellent judgment. The Gothic selection, however, is not quite so successful. Counties to which less than justice has been done include Lincolnshire, the East Riding, Gloucestershire and Somerset. From the two former we should surely have had Heckington and Patrington, two of the finest Dec. churches in the country, Beverley St. Mary's and the tower of Hedon. War repairs at Bristol account for the omission of St. Mary Redcliffe, but I feel that Northleach or Chipping Campden should have been included. The greatest gap, however, is among the towers of Somerset, one of the special glories of our parish church architecture. Of the twenty finest, this book shows

one only, Huish Episcopi. Evercreech, Ilminster and Wells St. Cuthbert's, at the minimum, should also have found a place. On the other hand, seventeen plates from Berkshire, a county with many pleasant parish churches but none of major architectural importance except Uffington, seems excessive: and there are various examples of redundancy.

These criticisms must be made; but the fact remains that this is certainly the finest pictorial anthology of our parish churches which has yet been published, and the photographs will give immense pleasure. The maps on the end-papers, clearly marking every church illustrated, will also be very useful.



Above, Hales in Norfolk: a mainly twelfth-century church of local flint and thatch; right, Under the Tower, Ludlow
Both from 'English Parish Churches'

therefore, anxious to 'stay put' and explore the buildings of a single district intensively, England is a country which offers exceptional opportunities. There is now scarcely a county in which several country houses are not open regularly during the summer months; we still have some delightful villages; and Mr. Hutton is fully justified in claiming, in the book under review*, that 'for eyes which know what to look for, there is perhaps more to see in the parish churches of England than in those of any other country'. Of the 160 churches illustrated, it is no surprise to find that over a hundred are in villages.

Let it be said at once that this is primarily a picture



* *English Parish Churches*. By Graham Hutton and Edwin Smith. Thames and Hudson. 42s.

Tales from the Pacific Islands—IV

Island Frenzy

By SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

KOATA was the native magistrate of Onotoa island, in the Southern Gilberts. As such, he presided over the court of village headmen that met every month to try cases under the native laws. But this was only a fraction of his official duties. His all-embracing job, as he liked to say himself, was to be the father of the 1,600 people in his island, and that meant keeping them out of trouble—not getting them into it—with the native court, wherever he possibly could. I want to tell you how the sincerity of his idea was tested and found sufficient.

A Matter of Taxation

The test began one April, in connection with a matter of taxation. The Gilbertese used to pay their annual land-tax not in money but in copra—the dried flesh of the coconut—and the native magistrates were responsible for seeing that the right amounts were all weighed in by the last day of June each year. The levy was a light one, and there was no difficulty about it anywhere as a rule. But that year a madness fell upon Onotoa. The saddest thing was, it all started with a typically Gilbertese gesture of generosity. Half-way through April, the Protestant people of two villages decided to get ready a specially fine gift of copra for their missionary society, against the arrival of the society's visiting ship about two months ahead.

Don't get me wrong here. The Protestant mission had earned the gift ten times over by the work it was doing for Onotoa. Koata recognised this as well as anyone. The only aspect of the matter that worried him was the question of timing. The donation proposed was so big, it could not fail to strip the villagers' trees of every ripe coconut during April and May. The inevitable result must be the default of hundreds in the payment of their copra-tax in June. He had to forestall that if he could. After going into things, he reckoned that if the villagers were to reduce their offering to the mission by about one-third the copra saved would be enough to meet the tax liability. So he called the native pastors and deacons of the two villages to his court house and put the figures to them. But he was a Roman Catholic. They at once, and angrily, denied his right to discuss such a matter with them, accused him of a deliberate attack upon the Protestant church, and marched out of court. From that day on, they exhorted their congregations to persist in their offering to God, and to welcome, for His glory, any form of martyrdom the unjust judge might visit upon them.

The gift was handed over to the pastors in due course. The only nuts now left on the villagers' trees were far too young for copra-making in June. But Koata was not yet stumped. The two villages could still be saved from default if he could persuade them to borrow the amount of their tax from the rest of the island, subject, of course, to repayment as soon as their own crops were ripe. He called the congregations to the court house and offered to negotiate the loan for them. But here an unexpected complication balked him. There was nothing the congregations wanted less, by this time, than to be saved. The pattern of their drama had been set for them. Koata was the unjust judge; it was theirs to play the part of the meek afflicted. They answered his call, hoping for punishment, not help, from Caesar. Their pastors had sent them marching to court all glorified with promises of instant martyrdom. 'We have sinned against the law', they pleaded with heartbreaking simplicity: 'it is now your duty, Koata, to put us in prison. So our pastors have said, and even so we wish it to be'.

He explained with kindness why he could not grant their plea. Their gift to the mission was, in itself, no breach of any law, but a fine, generous gesture. Nobody wanted to punish them for that. The only thing the law would worry them about was default in payment of the copra tax, and every defaulter would have the option of a fine, in any event. He asked them to think over his idea of borrowing nuts, and come back to him next day. But they did not return. They left shouting, like children fooled of their reward, and held an indignation meeting at once with their pastors. It was a deflating moment. Shepherds and sheep alike might well have come to their senses then, but for a single man among them—the senior, a pastor whom I shall call Ten Naewa. Ten

Naewa was by no means a typical Protestant pastor of those days, but he was a man of acute political wit. He had wit enough, indeed, to see that nothing short of a new wonder was now needed to save face. He pulled one out of the bag immediately. Leaping to his feet, he burst into speech about a message he had received that very instant from Heaven. By God's grace, he said, the chapel where they were gathered was to become a place of miracles. The Light of a New Revelation was to shine out of it, because of the gift they had given. God was about to speak to his elect in dreams, wherein would lie concealed the key to the day of His Second Coming. But none among them could discover the key save only himself, God's Prophet. Let them therefore bring all their dreams to him for interpretation, there, in the Chapel of Light.

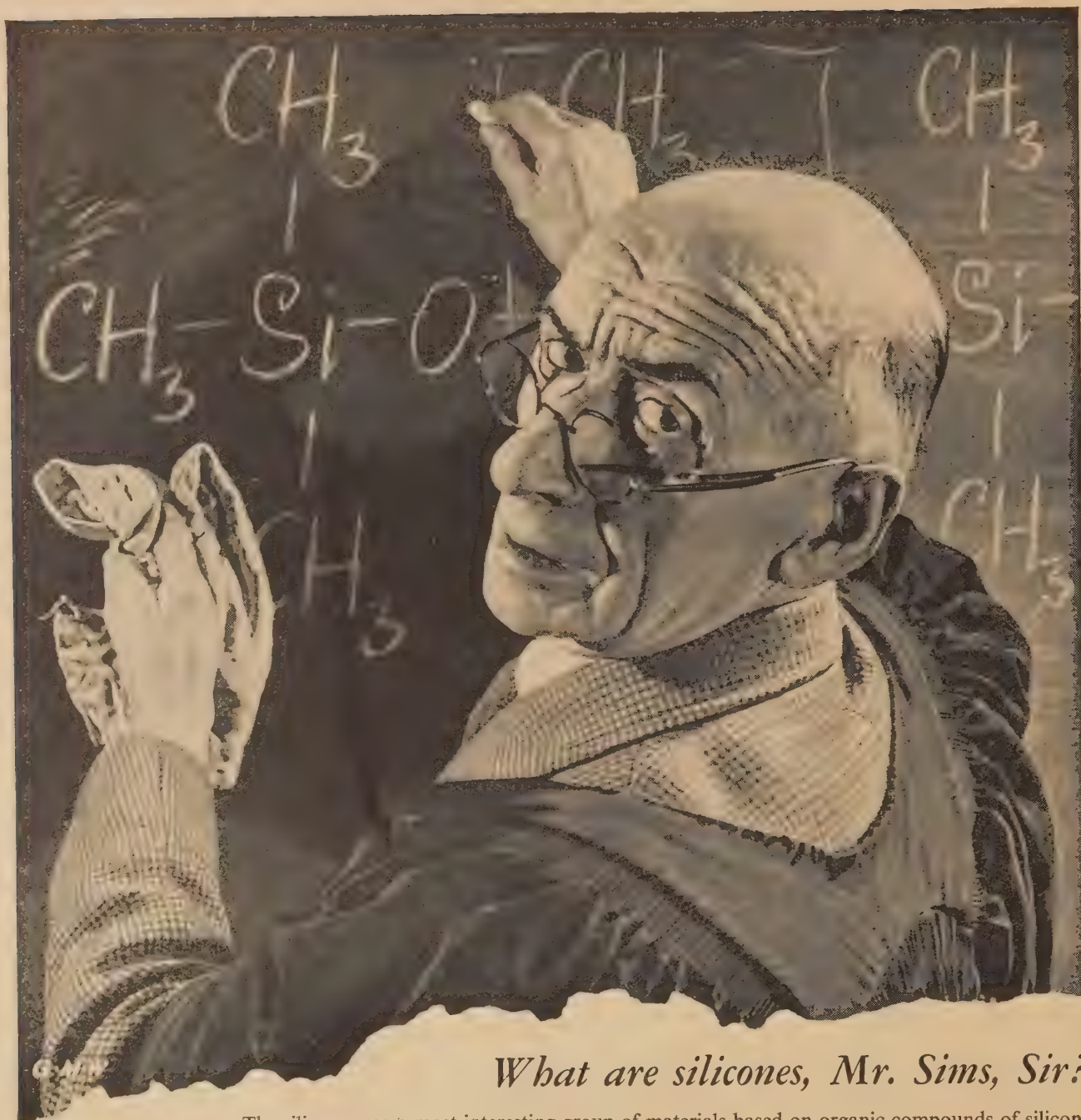
It sounds crudely incredible, doesn't it? But the impact of his superb acting on their pathetic thirst for wonders did the trick. They believed him. From that day on, the people dreamed dreams and had visions from God, which Ten Naewa interpreted endlessly, between sessions of prayer, in the place of miracles. The two congregations moved *en masse* out of their villages and set up a great encampment of leaf shacks round the chapel. Almost at once, people from other villages began to join them, but not yet fast enough for the prophet; so he issued a prophecy that the Last Day was but a month ahead. God would arrive at high noon, he said. Just before His coming a tidal wave would rise to the height of the Government's flagstaff and sweep away the flag, the Roman Catholics, and all traitorous Protestants who refused to be gathered near the chapel.

To speed things up even more, he embarked on a course of propaganda that must surely be unique, even in the chequered annals of partisan religion. He began by limiting God's status to that of God the Father, changing his own title of Prophet to that of 'Father of God' and appointing his son to be 'God Almighty'. He organised a body of women, whom he called his sheep, to follow him wherever he went, falling into trances at the sound of his voice. He interpreted someone's vision of a flaming sword on the wall of his chapel as God the Father's direction to form a band of hooligans—the Swords of Gabriel—who marched about the island bringing terror of death to all who stayed at home. He named two women 'Christ the Sufferer' and 'Christ the Forgiver', to receive and pardon the repentant who turned to him at last. The wretched little quarrel about copra had grown, under his hand, into a monstrous campaign of blasphemy and fear.

Three weeks after the first scene in the chapel, nearly 1,300 men, women, and children were gathered in that chaos of hate and hysteria around the chapel of the Father of God, awaiting the advent of God the Father. Koata had done all a brave man could do to prevent it. Ignoring the threats of the Swords of Gabriel, he followed hard on their heels, trying to allay the terrors they spread. But the people stoned him from the villages in their panic of self-salvation. Nevertheless, two stalwart Protestant villagers took an open stand from the first against the sweeping madness. If ever the courage of a few saved the honour of a creed, it was theirs. They went together one day to offer Koata their services at the government station. The gesture put new heart into him. Some of his colleagues had deserted the station that very day. The newcomers with their households raised the moral strength by eight fine souls. All told, fifteen men and women stayed by his side to abide the day of wrath.

'No God Appeared'

The day arrived. The distraught camp waited with fasting and prayer from sunrise to noon. No tidal wave came to destroy the wicked, no God appeared in the chapel. Mutterings began. Hundreds of the quieter folk returned to their villages, but hundreds stayed to reproach the man who had duped them. He had no answer for them. The turmoil mounted. Not he, but the terrible woman called Christ the Forgiver silenced them this time. It was near sundown when she suddenly shrieked, 'Fools! Fools! A new vision has come to me. Listen, lest God strike you dead where you stand!' They stood dumb



What are silicones, Mr. Sims, Sir?

The silicones are a most interesting group of materials based on organic compounds of silicon.

To industry the most outstanding merit of silicones is their marked resistance to the effects of intense heat and cold. They are used, for example, in jointing and insulating materials for jet engines and electric motors.

They have other special applications in heat-resistant paints, car polishes, and the shower-proofing of textiles.

Midland Silicones Ltd. are the marketing organisation for the full range of silicone rubbers, resins, varnishes and fluids, some of which are already being manufactured by Albright & Wilson Ltd.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

49 PARK LANE · LONDON · W.1

rw/158

at the fearful threat. 'It is you who have failed', she screamed at them, 'you, who have waited for God to send a wave from the sea. This is the meaning of my vision: God will send no wave; He waits for us; we, we are the wave that shall destroy those sinful men. Arise! Make an end of them, that God may forgive and be with us tonight'.

A great number fled from the camp in instant horror, but many stood convinced and, almost at once, the Sheep and Swords, yelling 'Kill them—kill them!' set forth from the chapel, Ten Naewa at their head, the rest behind, their bodies contorted in an insane kind of dance, towards the government station. Men ran to warn Koata of their coming. He begged his friends to go and hide among the trees. But not a man or woman would desert him, and his wife defied him to budge her from the house. He did not argue, but pulled out his best sleeping mat and spread it on the floor. She knew what that meant: she was to bury him in it. 'It will be big enough for both of us', she said, and sat down beside it. He embraced her and went out.

He stood alone on the edge of the government station, awaiting the mob. He had put on his navy-blue serge waistcloth, his tunic of white duck, and his belt of office with the bright silver crown. He was not a big man: he must have looked very small standing there in the twilight under the tall palms; but there was something about him that gave pause to the mad procession. It halted and fell silent. He walked forward to Ten Naewa, saying: 'Sir, if it is myself you seek, here I am'. Ten Naewa looked down and gave no answer. Koata spoke again: 'Enough. Turn back now. Too much evil has been done already. Let the people return to their villages'. The quietude of it seems to have shamed Ten Naewa into a change of heart, for he suddenly began to babble about a general amnesty for all his followers. But Koata could not promise that. He could only guarantee a fair trial for anyone charged with an offence. His firmness and the sight of their leader actually pleading with him at last enraged the crowd anew. 'Kill him—kill him!' they shouted. A dozen Swords of Gabriel leapt forward. Koata was struck down.

It was a terrible head wound, but it did not kill him. Even, in a way, it saved him from death, for it brought the tide of remorse to full flood in Ten Naewa's heart. When the Swords of Gabriel surged in to trample the prone body, he straddled it and fought them off. They swept on impatiently to the sack of the government station. He followed in their wake. They had beaten and wounded everyone before he caught up with them, but his new fury saved them from murder there. They scattered into the villages. A hunt for Roman Catholics was started.

Two unfortunates were caught and killed with broken bottles. The rest managed to get to their canoes and escape to Tabiteuea Island, forty miles away. An edict went out from the Swords of Gabriel that night that if, by noon of the next day but one, there remained anyone who had not yet submitted himself as a friend at the Chapel of Light, he would be put to death. Ten Naewa had no hand in that, but he could no longer control the monster he had created. Guards were set around the government station to see that none escaped. It was an idle precaution. Some of the loyal fifteen were, as a matter of fact, fit enough to have slipped away, but they had decided to stand by Koata and the other wounded to the end. 'And then, the next day dawned', said one of them afterwards, 'and behold: it was a day of life'. In other words, the mission ship arrived on that one small day of grace decreed by the Swords of Gabriel.

It was the white missionary who brought them at last to their senses. When he reached the mad encampment, they tried to bluff him by bringing along one of the Sheep, who, they said, had fallen into a trance on hearing Ten Naewa speak. His reaction made island history. He looked at the woman for a while and then advised gravely, 'Yes, she is sick, but I think I can cure her. Go quickly and bring me a bucket of water'. They raced to get it. 'Yes', he murmured, lifting the bucket, 'water's the stuff', and emptied the lot over her. She sprang to life with a yell and fled. 'Hysteria is what we call it', he added. 'Now I've shown you, you'll know how to treat it in future'. It was touch and go for him in that moment, I fancy. Had he laughed, anything might have happened. Had he even allowed the incident to prolong itself in words, they might have worked up a new frenzy. But he did neither. 'Now, let's get down to business', he said, and firmly switched their minds to other things. His deftness and courage throughout that day broke the last of the frenzy before nightfall.

There was a commission of enquiry, and sad things had to be done when the leaders came to trial. But even those dreary proceedings were illuminated by a ray of light I am always glad to remember. One man throughout argued doggedly in defence of the accused. All but the most guilty escaped punishment altogether by virtue of his pleading. Ten Naewa, as a prime instigator, could not be let off lightly; but his sentence would have been tremendously stiffer had it not been that one prisoners' friend whipped up witnesses to prove how, in the end, he had turned to defend Koata from the rioters. The prisoner's friend was Koata himself, native magistrate and father of his island.—*Home Service*

The Decorative Arts under Queen Victoria

(continued from page 418)

discover, without any record having been kept of the names and addresses of the purchasers. So all that has now disappeared.

The real difficulty is, of course, that the whole thing is a vicious circle. The material disappears because no-one has bothered to point out its importance, and the more it disappears, the more difficult it is for anyone to become aware of its importance. One point needs stressing here. It is no use saying, 'Well, it doesn't much matter; in the long run scholars will get over their antipathy to the period and its masterpieces will come into their own again'. In the long run they will not exist, for furniture and carpets and textiles are not signed, like pictures, and before about 1885 we have very few contemporary illustrations to fall back on for identification. In fact, identification has to depend on the accident of personal knowledge or continuous interest. No one is going to bother to tell their children and grandchildren that the morning room carpet was designed by Bruce Talbert if everyone else seems to have forgotten Bruce Talbert's existence; or if they do, the children will certainly forget it. Thus, preservation depends ultimately on research, and if the research is not forthcoming the raw material for it will disappear.

This reminds me of a point I intended to make while speaking about Dresser. When Dr. Pevsner wrote his article on Dresser before the war, he got in touch with Dresser's daughters who possessed many of their father's notebooks, full of invaluable details and illustrations about his designs. Since then all the notebooks have been destroyed, for no one (even despite Dr. Pevsner's article) thought that they were sufficiently interesting to keep.

It would be unfortunate enough if the process I have been describing

merely meant that there will in the future be a permanent gap in people's knowledge of mid-Victorian design. But, of course, the gap will not remain, it will get filled up and people will not even be aware of its existence, for though scholars and research workers have kept off the period, collectors and dealers and dilettantes have long ago started taking the Victorians under their wing. In the absence of solid research this can lead to only one thing. Collectors think that mid-Victorian objects should be heavy and over-decorated and rather ludicrously pretentious: they are therefore best satisfied by objects whose authenticity seems established by having precisely these qualities—if they have not, then they suspect that they cannot be mid-Victorian. Dealers therefore search for these sort of objects, and they alone tend to be preserved. As they tend to survive and the rest tend to disappear—leaving no trace behind them—in time the completely one-sided popular stereotype of mid-Victorian design establishes its right to acceptance by simply eliminating its rivals, till by the time the scholars come along to redress the balance all the material evidence with which they can do so has already disappeared.

To my mind, the only way to avoid this process is for this barrier of 1830 to be swept away now, and for the whole of the Victorian period to be brought within the orbit of respectable academic research. In the preparations for our exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum we have made a beginning, and we hope that when the results of our search are displayed in October, they will be sufficiently unexpected to persuade others to follow our lead.

—Third Programme



A CORRECT COMPASSION

And Other Poems

by JAMES KIRKUP 8s. 6d. net

A new volume by a young poet who is attracting wider and more serious attention with every book he publishes. His standing among contemporary poets has been recognized by an Atlantic Award, and by his appointment to the first Gregory Fellowship of Poetry at Leeds University.

ARABIAN HIGHLANDS

by H. ST. J. B. PHILBY

Illustrated 55s. net

The little-known southern part of Saudi Arabia is the subject of this account by an author who has been the first European in much of this area. He here describes two journeys, the first in 1936-7, the other about four years later.

A HISTORY OF BOARD-GAMES

Other than Chess

by H. J. R. MURRAY 42s. net

Mr. Murray's *History of Chess*, published in 1913, and now out of print, has long been a classic in its field. In the present volume he deals with a subject, hitherto but little treated, the comparative study of board-games, and shows how important "play" has been in the development of culture.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

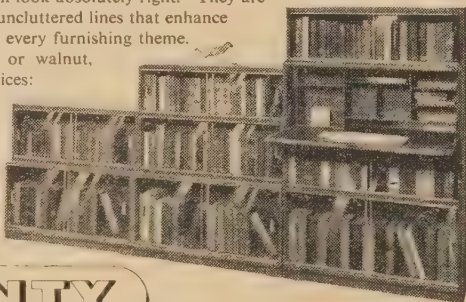


Topsy? Yes!

Topsy-Turvy? NEVER!

JUST LIKE TOPSY, a Minty Sectional Bookcase grows and grows, yet is always complete. But could it be topsy-turvy? *Never!* On adjustable shelves, behind satin-sliding plate glass doors, your treasures lead an elegantly ordered existence, their brilliance undimmed by dust or duster. Then, as your favourite authors write sequels and your favourite aunts send you more book tokens, you can add, at modest cost, another section—on top, alongside, even round the corner—whichever best suits your convenience and the proportions of your room. Whether your home be period or contemporary, cabinet-made Minty Bookcases will look absolutely right. They are designed on simple uncluttered lines that enhance and harmonise with every furnishing theme. In oak, mahogany or walnut, at these tax free prices:

Combination 24N
(Top) £23.11.8
Combination 21N
(Centre) £15.2.4
Combination 36N
(Bottom) £67.7.4



MINTY

If you cannot call, write for full particulars to:

MINTY LTD., (Dept. L6), 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

Showrooms: London—123 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Manchester—7-9 Royal Exchange Arcade



Results of our Review Competition

We print below the best of the many replies we have had to our offer to 'amateur' reviewers of the books in our advertisement of July 31. Ten other reviewers were awarded book prizes. This is what Mrs. Margaret Holmes, of Ayr, Scotland, writes about:

THE HEARTHSTONE HEART 12s. 6d.

By R. G. NETTELL

This is a fascinating story superbly told. Against a skilfully delineated background of mellow English farm-lands, within earshot of the restless, murmuring sea, Mr. Nettell sets his dramatic tale of love and hatred, fear and jealousy. The author's talent for strong characterisation and adroit handling of situation grows apace, as does his sensitive awareness of the half-forgotten past fulfilling itself in the present.

The local tradition of an ancient Royal romance and its far-reaching influence on the fortunes of the present-day characters of this lively novel are most graphically portrayed and engross the attention till the exciting and satisfying conclusion is reached.

The Hearthstone Heart is to be whole-heartedly recommended to the discriminating reader.

Now read these . . . Published today

THE RULE OF DEMOCRACY

(in two books, together 42s.) By ELIE HALÉVY

These two books form the sixth and final volume of Halévy's monumental *History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century*, a readable and unbiased approach to modern history.

NO MORE CHAMPAGNE 10s. 6d.

By ELIZABETH VARLEY

The author of *Mud on My Nylons* here turns her deliciously malicious wit to recording a serious study tour of Commonwealth Parliaments. As she scans the horizon from the decks of *s.s. Bung-Full* nothing she surveys is sacred to her pen.

RHYMES OF A REBEL 10s. 6d.

By ROBERT SERVICE

A new book of verses in the best traditions of Dan McGrew. Mr. Service has been to Spain and decides:

*Unless there is a lot of goring
I always find a bull-fight boring*

LET'S MEET AGAIN 15s.

By B. L. KEARLEY

All the spills, thrills and excitement of the chase (after both fox and hare) told by the author of *Let's Go Hunting*. Illustrated by L. G. Illingworth, a keen hunting man as well as a famous *Punch* and *Daily Mail* artist.

ERNEST BENN LIMITED

Bouverie House • Fleet Street • London • EC4

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs. Problems of External Policy, 1931-1939. By Nicholas Mansergh. Oxford. 42s.

THIS WORK IS NOT, as might perhaps be assumed from the title, a survey of British Commonwealth diplomacy during the fateful years preceding the second world war. Such a study is not yet possible. At some distant date it may become so, when the documentary evidence is available to the historian. If and when it does, the student can then be provided with a detailed account of the exchanges which took place between Commonwealth ministers as world affairs passed from one crisis to another; and he will have the evidence before him by which to assess the nature and extent of the influence exerted by Dominion governments upon the policy of the United Kingdom with regard (for example) to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931, the Italian invasion of Abyssinia and the question of sanctions, Hitler and Czechoslovakia, and during the last ominous months before the cataclysm.

But before we can fully observe the inter-play of personalities and national interests within the Commonwealth in this way, the historian must have to his hand a *corpus* of documentary material comparable with that becoming available in relation to the diplomacy of the European Powers. He will need to have access to the stream of confidential information which went out from London through the Commonwealth Relations Office to Dominion governments and to such replies as have not been lost to history by being communicated by long-distance telephone or in direct conversation at Geneva. He will need too the private papers of such Commonwealth statesmen as Smuts and Mackenzie King. And as Mr. Harold Nicolson's *Life of George V* has so well shown, he must be able to resort to the royal archives at Windsor if he is to take adequate account of the delicate and not inconsiderable part played by the Sovereign of a group of autonomous and democratic states.

Failing such resources, Dr. Mansergh has had to rely for the most part on ministerial pronouncements. He acknowledges the handicap, but maintains that he is nevertheless on firm ground. 'It is extremely doubtful', he writes, 'if the publication of the communications between Commonwealth governments on matters of major policy would modify in many important respects the picture that may already be filled in from public statements or private knowledge'. On the whole the claim is justified, and particularly because the author illuminates the action (or inaction) of the several Dominion governments on specific external issues by a penetrating analysis of the domestic stresses which conditioned official policy. Yet the fact remains that the story of Dominion reactions to international problems can only be told in outline and not from the inside, and that the author is obliged on occasion to speculate. For example, it is stated that in the Czech crisis of 1938 the Canadian Government 'apparently' played an almost passive role and that Mr. Vincent Massey, who was then the Canadian representative in London, was 'not likely' to have refrained from expressing a view.

The importance of this book rests on other ground. As Dr. Mansergh rightly insists, these years were for the Commonwealth a period of transition, in which a group of nations-in-the-making, whose sovereign status had been formally

recognised in the Statute of Westminster, were still unequal in respect of function. Instinctively they shied away from the commitments inherent in a corporate foreign policy, because inevitably its direction would be largely determined by the greater weight and experience of the United Kingdom; and Australia and New Zealand feared (and with justice) a world struggle in which they might be exposed to the sea-power of Japan while the Royal Navy was engaged in a mortal struggle in home waters. When the League of Nations, originally regarded as a *deus ex machina* for the Commonwealth, progressively demonstrated its impotence, support for the policy of international appeasement at almost any cost, which had been proclaimed at the Imperial Conference of 1937, was enthusiastic and all but universal in the countries of the Commonwealth—until that too was proved to be a 'false dawn' when Hitler engulfed the Czechs.

Dr. Mansergh goes to the root of the matter by taking each of the Dominions in turn, analysing the traditions and outlook of each component element, tracing and explaining national needs and interests and (particularly in Ireland and South Africa) the preoccupation with questions of constitutional status. In this respect the work is a continuation and an expansion of Professor Hancock's previous 'Survey' volume, entitled *Problems of Nationality, 1918-1936*. Dr. Mansergh has carried out his task with a shrewdness of judgment and an imaginative discernment that are wholly admirable. In the course of it he is carried deeply—sometimes perhaps rather too deeply—into internal politics; but the reader gains an insight into the reason for the cautious ambiguities of Mr. Mackenzie King (to whom a high tribute is paid), which made it possible for a united Canada to stand forth against the aggressor in September, 1939, when her powerful neighbour was content with neutrality. No less illuminating is the portrait of General Hertzog and the 'Fusion' experiment, on the one hand, and on the other the Krugerism of Dr. Malan and the Afrikaner nationalists.

For anyone who wishes to understand the character and outlook of the several member-nations of the Commonwealth today this study of them as they grew to nationhood is indispensable.

Primer on Alcoholism

By Marty Mann. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

No one understands the difficulties and the sufferings of a man or a woman controlled by the urge to drink as an alcoholic understands them, and one of the merits of this book is that it has been written by an author possessing this inside knowledge. Another of its merits is that it deals with a subject of the utmost importance. In England and Wales alone there are about 86,000 alcoholics and in the United States the incidence of alcoholism is even higher. Alcoholism is not only a wrecker of persons; it is also a wrecker of homes, destroying the happiness and security of other people than the chief victim of the craving. A book on this subject by an expert of Mrs. Mann's standing is to be welcomed. As Chairman and Executive Director of the American National Committee on Alcoholism she has witnessed the excellence of the work done by the organisation known as 'Alcoholics Anonymous'. However skilful the preliminary medical and psychological treatment of alcoholism has been, the patient is almost bound to relapse unless he receives the support

and encouragement of his fellow-men. This is what 'Alcoholics Anonymous' supplies. It is work well worth doing, for the alcohol addict is often an exceptionally gifted person who, but for his weakness, would have made a success of life. Mrs. Mann's *Primer on Alcoholism* has been well timed. The World Health Organisation's report and numerous articles in the press have recently brought to our notice the wide dimensions of this problem and, to quote the author's concluding words: 'No one who knows an alcoholic need feel hopeless about him any longer'.

American Indians in the Pacific

By Thor Heyerdahl.

Allen and Unwin. 70s.

The story of the remarkable drift voyage of the raft *Kon-Tiki*, from Peru to the Tuamotu Archipelago in Eastern Polynesia, has stirred the imaginations of thousands who are complete strangers to the science of ethnology and its problems. Now, Thor Heyerdahl has produced a massive and profusely illustrated volume in which he presents in immense detail 'the theory behind the *Kon-Tiki* Expedition.' From the outset it should be made clear that this book is primarily a scientific monograph addressed to specialists in Polynesian and American ethnology, and further, that many of the hypotheses which it contains are still heretical. The central problem is the origin of the Polynesian peoples. The general consensus of scientific opinion has been to accept Malaysia as a probable area of origin, while admitting contact with America, prior to European entry into the Pacific. Heyerdahl categorically denies that any part of the Polynesian peoples could have directly originated in Malaysia or South-East Asia, and derives them exclusively from the American continent. He traces two main migrations. The first was that of a Caucasian-like, megalithic, pre-Inca people, who in about 475 deserted their cult centre at Lake Titicaca, 12,000 feet up in the central Andes, and sailing out on rafts into the Pacific, settled upon Easter Island. The second migration, some hundreds of years later, was from the Queen Charlotte Sound area of North-West America, when a segment of the Kwakiutl Indians, following the invasion of their territory from the south, fled in their dug-out canoes into the open Pacific and so came to occupy the distant Hawaiian Islands. From here they eventually sailed south, dispersing among the archipelagoes of central Polynesia, and finally colonised New Zealand to become the Maori.

Heyerdahl begins his book with an attempt to demolish the case for relating the Polynesians to Malaysia, and then proceeds to pile up a vast mass of evidence for his own hypotheses. However, the evidence which he does adduce varies tremendously in quality, so that while certain of his arguments are based on a formidable assemblage of facts, much of the discussion is marred by serious weaknesses of method. One section of lasting value and interest is his survey, based on historical documents, of aboriginal raft navigation on the coast of Peru, his analysis of the importance of winds and currents, and his technical description of the *Kon-Tiki* Expedition. There can be no doubt that this expedition will become a classic example of the use of experimental method in ethnology.

The main strength of Heyerdahl's case rests on botanical evidence (*i.e.*, the presence in

Polynesia of the sweet potato, the bottle gourd, 26-chromosomed cotton and other plants of American origin), blood-group analysis, and a very plausible comparison of certain elements of the megalithic cultures of Eastern Polynesia and South America. These and related data he assembles with great thoroughness and skill. Much of the book, however, is devoted to quasi-historical reconstructions and speculations which add little to the argument and are of dubious scientific value. Social anthropologists from Malinowski onwards have paid close attention to the function of myth in pre-literate societies, and in recent years there has been much research on the relation between genealogical knowledge, social process and time concepts in primitive communities. All this work has made plain the innumerable hazards which attend any attempt to reconstruct from verbal sources the remote history of a pre-literate society; yet Heyerdahl is quite prepared to employ genealogies of 57 generations and highly mythological accounts as though they were genuine historical documents. Of the validity of this conjectural history both the historian and the social anthropologist must be extremely sceptical. Many other parts of the argument depend on markedly selective and uncritical use of the comparative method.

One of the principal difficulties with which Heyerdahl has to cope is the relationship between the languages of Polynesia and Malaysia. He has no hesitation in denying this relationship, so awkward for his own theories, but he does so by using rather questionable methods. Ranken (not Ranke) and Keane, Heyerdahl's main witnesses, are in no sense important authorities. Misquoting Fornander and misrepresenting Ray, he makes no mention at all of the real authorities on Oceanic linguistics (from early workers like the Rev. George Pratt, to modern scholars like Dr. Otto Dempwolff and Professor A. Capell), whose researches are most pertinent to the issues at stake, but strongly opposed to his own views. These are not the methods of science, but the devices of polemics.

It is unfortunate that Heyerdahl has been so often drawn away from an impartial analysis of all the known facts to protagonist debate, for facts and not opinions will finally decide the matter. One most valuable aspect of Heyerdahl's work is that it stresses the great complexity of the Polynesian problem. The whole question must now be reconsidered, but it is abundantly clear that extensive new research will have to be undertaken before conclusive results are reached. Moreover it is important to realise that Polynesian pre-history is primarily an archaeological problem, and that it is by archaeological research that a final solution will be attained—if at all. The outstanding weakness of Polynesian archaeology—which is still in a very rudimentary state of development—has been the lack of a sound chronology. The recent discovery of radiocarbon dating promises to end this difficulty and make possible the collecting of fully scientific data. Heyerdahl's theories will certainly stimulate further research, and there can be little doubt that, despite its deficiencies, this book will prove to be an important contribution to Polynesian studies.

An Introduction to Elizabethan and Jacobean Architecture. By Marcus Whiffen. Art and Technics. 15s.

In England two and three generations ago, before Mr. Betjeman coined the convenient if irreverent portmanteau word Jacobethan to cover the pair of them, the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles of domestic architecture were the most widely loved of any. The reason for this is not far to seek. Aesthetically, Victorian taste had

a great deal in common with Jacobethan. Both revelled in display and, in particular, both delighted in ornament for its own sake, ornament applied in often reckless profusion without regard for form. That is architecturally the most striking characteristic of Elizabethan and Jacobean houses, and that is undoubtedly the chief reason for the comparative unpopularity of these two styles—which are very nearly one—today, the more so since many (not all) of the ornamental motifs strike us as being in themselves fussy and ugly.

Nevertheless, these houses are as works of art much superior to the Victorian. When they were put up, window glass was only just becoming widely available, and happily plate glass had not been invented to render their windows hideous. Still more important, the Jacobethans had what all but a few Victorians lacked, a feeling for materials. Even when the ornamentation is ill-conceived and excessive, the eye is continually charmed by the quality of the stonework or brickwork. It is where ornamental details are scarce and the effect is dependent only on form, texture and colour that we can now enjoy this architecture most, as in the entrance fronts of Blickling and Quenby and the almost stark north front at Hatfield. Hence, also, the relatively greater appeal of the smaller, less pretentious houses, such as Sandford Orcas (which may be just pre-Elizabethan), Owlpen and Water Eaton.

Mr. Whiffen, in his new book, has made no attempt to 'place' this architecture in relation to Victorian or contemporary taste, and, though very well qualified to make them, has in general abstained from criticisms of an aesthetic character. Instead, he has, in his own words, 'tried to give correct answers to some of the questions of fact which seemed likely to occur to those who came to that architecture for the first time'. Within the space allotted (less than 12,000 words) it was obviously necessary to choose, and Mr. Whiffen's choice is completely justified. This is an admirable introduction: within the limits he has set himself, it could hardly have been better done. The plates are well chosen in relation to the text and the selection is agreeably unhackneyed.

Gardenage, or the Plants of Ninursaga By Geoffrey Grigson.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

The Flower in Season

By Jocelyn Brooke. Bodley Head. 15s.

In *Gardenage* Mr. Grigson has given us a discursive little book that no real flower-lover can fail to enjoy. It may anger some of the horticulturalists; it will almost certainly enrage those nurserymen who thrive by persuading their clients that last year's irises are as *démodé* as last year's hats. 'I prefer in my own garden', writes Mr. Grigson, 'the *species* to all the trick varieties of the florist, and, above all, the *species* with a history which takes it back beyond the mere aesthetics of the absolute pleasure garden and beyond the more or less modern activities of the plant collector'. He even dares to speak disparagingly of the fashionable rhododendron—blasphemy that requires about as much courage as would have been needed a century ago to denounce the now despised monkey puzzle that 'in majesty and mien . . . as far transcends its congeners in the vegetable kingdom as man does his simial caricatures in the animal kingdom' (John Newton, 1865). Mr. Grigson's great virtue as a gardener is that he knows, and grows, what he likes, refusing to be swayed by prevailing prejudices; and about these plants he writes with such infectious enthusiasm that he carries us along with him. One of the most attractive chapters deals with the English names of plants and his felicitous attempts to devise new ones;

how odd, therefore, that he should not have found a happier title for his own book!

Mr. Brooke discourses agreeably upon our native flora month by month. He, too, shows a healthy mistrust of the blatant, garish flowers of the modern garden, writing of daffodils: 'Personally I prefer the original "Lent Lily" to any of the larger, cultivated kinds'. His book is pleasantly interspersed with gleanings from the quaint herbal lore of Gerard, Parkinson, Culpepper, and the ever-delightful Anne Pratt, but he also introduces us to some less familiar works such as Miss Plues' *Rambles in Search of Wildflowers*.

Ezra Pound and the Cantos

Harold H. Watts. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Ezra Pound is, for better or for worse, the nearest thing to a prophet that we have had since Lawrence died. It has been possible to get round this embarrassing truth by talking about his influence on style, as a thing apart, as if this were not, so far as Pound himself is concerned, part of the programme of reform. Mr. Watts is an American critic, who has for once gone straight to the point at issue and who here examines the Cantos in the only legitimate way, in relation to the ideas that their author so urgently wishes to convey to our evil age. Pound himself has said, and continues to say, that no responsible writer over the age of forty, has any right to be preoccupied principally with matters of style. Poetry, he says, exists to serve and express certain values, a way of life; and the reason why he has always attacked romantic poetry with such vigour is because it seems to Pound that the values and purposes propounded by such poets as Tennyson, or even Shelley's political abstractions, tend to become too remote from existent realities and concrete cases to change the world.

Mr. Watts acutely observes that Pound is, after all, in an old tradition: he is, like Scotus Erigena and Abelard, a nominalist, as against the realists (idealists). Pound believes, not that the poet should write *about* ideals in the abstract, but that he should show a constant attention to, and awareness of, particular instances of good or evil. The apparent incoherence of the Cantos is thus to be seen as a deliberate avoidance of generalisation, in favour of a bombardment of the reader with particulars, in the form of images, or ideas-in-action inseparably linked with their concrete expressions. Poetry is akin not to logic but to science, in so far as science also observes the phenomena and attempts to name them correctly. This Confucian doctrine of the 'rectification of names' finds unexpected confirmation from another minor prophet whose political conclusions were otherwise very different from those of Ezra Pound: George Orwell's 'newspeak' is a telling satire of the opposite process in action, the concealing of evils by calling things by their wrong names—'love means hate', 'peace means war', and so on. Two honest and right-feeling men, moved to indignation by the lie, each realised that the lie is dependent upon the use of words, and that in words alone it may be exposed!

Mr. Watts does justice to Pound in discussing the Cantos, in the first place, as means to an end. Pound selected his stylistic sources always purposively: the Imagist method of exact description of the object in terms of itself; and the Chinese ideogram, interpreted in the light of Fenollosa's writings (which came into Pound's possession fortunately early in his poetic career) is of all linguistic forms that best suited to the expression of the idea-in-action. Sino-logists are inclined to pour cold water on Pound's conclusions about the Chinese language, which he believes to be less prone to abstraction than the European languages;

**Bargains for
Book-lovers**

AUTUMN SALE

**SEPT. 15th
to
SEPT. 27th**

Call or write for
Catalogue No. 1029

THE  TIMES
BOOKSHOP
Wigmore Street, W.1



'How much did you say?'

No, how little was what we said—this PHOENIX glass-fronted bookcase costs only £9 15s. It's craftsman-made in solid oak, and the design is contemporary and fresh. Other PHOENIX bookcases range from 75/6d. These prices are free of purchase tax, and are well below the permitted ceilings. How long will this last? They can't get cheaper. So write or 'phone at once for our complete catalogue or visit our showrooms where the famous UNIX sectional bookcases are also on display.

The PHOENIX GALLERY
Dept. G1, 38 William IV St., London, W.C.2

TEmpLe Bar 0525

Close to St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Proprietors: Phoenix House Ltd.



Tall Bearded Iris

The subjects of the articles in the next issue of
The Times Gardening Supplement are:—

Shrubs for all Gardens

By A. T. Johnson

Gardening on Chalk and Lime Soils

By F. C. Stern

Hardy Ferns

By the Rev. E. A. Elliot

Apples, Pears and Plums

By J. M. S. Potter

Garden Paving

By S. C. Boakes

Small Bulbous Flowers

By George R. Barr

Soil Management

By Dr. C. Boulton

Some Notable Plants

By F. Kingdon-Ward

Tall Bearded Irises: Recent Developments

By H. J. Randall

Quality in Vegetables

By Dr. C. D. R. Dawson

Tobacco Growing in Britain

By the Rev. G. Footitt

Gardening in France

By Russell Page

THE TIMES GARDENING SUPPLEMENT

To be published on September 16

Order your copy now

PRICE SIXPENCE

From all Newsagents and Bookstalls; or direct from
the Publisher, *The Times*, London, E.C.4, for 7½d.,
including postage.



EVELYN WAUGH

A NOVEL OF
MILITARY LIFE

Men at Arms

BOOK SOCIETY
RECOMMENDATION

15s.

CHAPMAN & HALL

**THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP**

FOYLES
FOOD BOOKS

Stock of over 3
million volumes

New, secondhand
and rare Books on
every subject

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

Visit Foyles NEW Record Dept.
H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca
Long-Playing and all other makes.

You can arrange postal subscriptions
for British and overseas Magazines,
through Foyles

**119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2**

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (Inc. Sats.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

2½% per annum

Income Tax paid by the Society
Equal to £4.15.3 per cent to investors
subject to income tax at the standard rate

The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

Total Assets £136,630,000

ABBAY NATIONAL
BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBAY HOUSE, BAKER ST., LONDON, N.W.1
For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory



Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it



*Player's
Please*

[NCC 799P]

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO



P-K 725
PERTH
£8.18.6
Tax Free

The dear lady next door thinks I am a mechanical genius because I mended her garden spray. All I did was to push a bit of wire down the nozzle. No, my idea of mechanical genius is using wire the way the Parker-Knoll people do in their chairs. In fact if I wasn't sitting so comfortably I'd be out with my own spray this very moment.

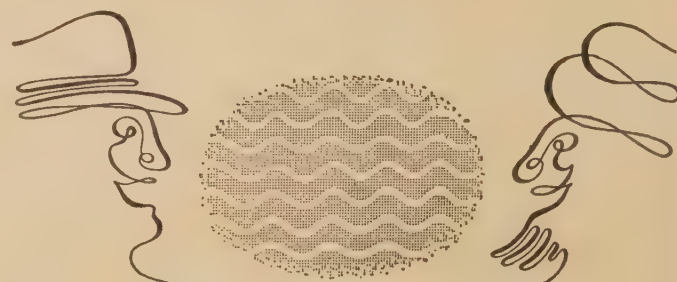
PARKER-KNOLL

Write for illustrated booklet

PARKER-KNOLL LTD., THE COURTYARD, FROGMORE, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS
or visit our London showrooms
13 HENRIETTA PLACE, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.1

* Every Parker-Knoll chair bears a name-tape round the inside of the frame.

* Raise the seat cushion and look before you buy.



CABLES
cancel distance

say it 'via Imperial'



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services

ideograms, the scholars say, undergo the same tendency to become abstract as do English words (those paired coins that Pound has attempted to restore). But it probably does not matter whether or not Pound misapprehends the degree of abstraction of the Chinese language, since he has found in it a rectifying principle that can help the contemporary poet to purify his own.

Mr. Watts, sympathetic with Pound's objectives, does not believe that he has succeeded in the way, or to the degree, that he had hoped: the language, for one thing, has proved too much for him. We are implicated in our language, whether or not we wish to be so, and the Cantos are more abstract in content than their author himself intended. His prophetic programme, for another thing, has been too narrow: not all the evils of our time can be attributed to usury, nor can good and evil be simply sorted out in terms of the usurious and the non-usurious society. This is, of course, perfectly true, and, as has been said by many critics, Pound's hates are more telling than his implicit sympathies, and far more righteous (the same could be said no doubt of Dante and Milton). The indictment of usurious capitalist democracy is more accurate than his tentative approval of fascist Italy. Yet as one considers this man of undoubted greatness, whose present situation gives so Socratic a status to the savage indignation that sets him at odds with his own country, one wonders whether his constant harping on the one theme of usury has not been right in its day. Had he diluted his message with admissions that there are many other evils in the world besides usury (or many compensating goods) how pleasantly that one, immediately relevant, indictment could have been dissolved away among the other six deadly sins. It is the prophet's duty to criticise his own society (a pity in this context that Pound has blamed American usury on the Jews, the old scapegoats for Gentile greed), and Pound's society is capitalist democracy, not fascist Italy or communist Russia. Ezra Pound has most searchingly criticised his own tribe.

His fanatical Confucianism, which is the positive side of his philosophy, may indeed be a narrower religion to offer to his generation than T. S. Eliot's authoritarian form of Christianity; but has it not a more precise and immediate relevance, if not to the whole of human life, at least to the specific disease of a commerce-ridden democracy? Usury is, besides, the only sin for which the Gospel prescribes a scourge; and perhaps Pound may after all be found in heaven with William Blake (who also denounced the inventors of 'allegoric riches' with very precise contemporary evils in mind) rather than in hell with the Axis dictators and their professional exponents of the verbal lie.

Towards Fidelity

By Hugh I'A Fausset. Gollancz. 15s.

Spiritually speaking, this appears to be a barren age. The places of worship stand empty, there are few candidates for Holy Orders and religion is at a discount. Yet in spite of these and many other signs of the decline of faith there are also signs of a religious revival. More and more men and women are tiring of the philosophies that are no philosophies, of the poverty of science and of the parochialism of the churches. They are searching for a larger faith which, in the words of the author of this book, 'grows out of and eventually transcends the conflict of belief and doubt'. The faith they seek is not one which claims for itself certainty, but a faith rather which 'adores the mystery in which it rests and realises from moment to moment the truth in which it trusts'. And there are some who are finding what they have been looking for in the teaching of the great mystics, in their own inter-

pretation rather than the theologians' interpretation of the New Testament, in the Baghavad Gita, the Vedanta and the other sacred books of the East. To those who are of this way of thinking Hugh I'A Fausset's new book will be of great interest and importance. Addressed, as it is, to a friend who had lost her orthodox Christian beliefs, it is a very personal book recording its author's own philosophy of life. The true faith, he says, is not a monopoly of any church or creed, but the eternally self-evident truth revealed by all the world's great teachers, each in his own way.

Towards Fidelity is the story of a spiritual pilgrimage in search of enlightenment and of the many discoveries made during the journey. It is divided into three parts. The first part deals with what the author calls 'The Broken World', and describes the passage of the infant from innocence into a world of duality, consciousness, tension and conflict. The second part is a meditation on the nature of God and in this section of the book the author dissociates himself from the orthodox Christian view that 'in Jesus alone did pure divinity incarnate on earth at a certain time and place and that by his death the redemption from conflict of both man and nature was alone made possible'. In the third part he considers three aspects of 'The Human Task': pain and suffering; recollection; love and death. Mr. Fausset has been a reviewer for many years and he was well aware of the dangers to which this exposed him, the danger of constructing an eclectic religion. In order to avoid this he felt that it was necessary to impose on himself 'a devotional discipline which would keep the mind in touch with its own depths', and this he did. There are conclusions in this book with which the reader will not agree, there will be those against which he may protest—how could it be otherwise?—but there will be few readers who will close the covers of *Towards Fidelity* without gladness that it was written. It is a good book in every sense of that word.

The Open Night. By John Lehmann.

Longmans. 15s.

Conrad. By Douglas Hewitt.

Bowes and Bowes. 6s.

The essays collected together in *The Open Night* all deal with writers who have died in Mr. Lehmann's lifetime. Some of them were poets, some were prose writers, but the prose writers seem to Mr. Lehmann to have been 'in a wider interpretation, also poets, endeavouring in prose to solve what are essentially a poet's problems'. One of these problems is seen as the creation of a myth for our time, a myth that will replace the Christianity and the materialism that are both inadequate for most people today.

The first essay in the book deals with this problem generally, and with the attempts of certain writers to solve it—Edith Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, Rilke, D. H. Lawrence, Kafka. In the last essay in the collection, 'The Poet in the Modern World', Mr. Lehmann writes that the essence of the spirit of English poetry is 'a continual reaffirmation of truths of supreme importance to our lives, to our civilisation, which are outside the range of logical reason and have a reality and value far more permanent than any political or social or economic constructions can ever attain'. This statement shows a certain natural disillusionment with the world of politics since the early days of *New Writing* when the accent was on documentary literature. And this comment on the spirit of English poetry might stand as a text for the essays in *The Open Night*, the key to the unity that gives them purpose, if one accepts Mr. Lehmann's contention that such writers as Virginia Woolf, Joyce and Conrad are essentially poets. This can be accepted, since it

is a question not so much of style and language, as of attitudes to literature and life, and of problems to be solved.

Two of the most valuable and interesting essays are the personal and critical note on Virginia Woolf, a novelist who was, as Mr. Lehmann suggests, a poet in everything but form; and the essay on Proust, where he takes up and elaborates from Proust an advice and a warning to writers against being swayed by fashionable and political trends. There are also essays on Yeats, Joyce, Rilke, Demetrios Capetanakis, and Conrad—a personal, but not arbitrary choice. Mr. Lehmann notes in Conrad a subtlety of analysis of motive, and a use of symbol which gives his work a more than particular significance.

Mr. Hewitt's study of Conrad shows that he, also, is well aware of these and other qualities in Conrad. Where he examines the theme of loyalty that occurs in some of Conrad's novels, Mr. Hewitt makes it clear how Conrad shows that loyalty is often not enough; moral issues are never simple. Conrad's sense of justice is a matter of constant adjustments because of his fine sensibility—a capacity to take every factor into account, of mitigation or of condemnation. So it is that his judgments on the actions of his characters are sometimes uncertain. Mr. Hewitt writes with understanding of Conrad's use of isolation in his novels: discussing *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*, he shows that it is not the setting of the sea, but the isolation which that setting gives, that is significant; the moral problems raised in this kind of isolation are more clearly seen than they would be in a more usual social setting. This is also true of novels like *Lord Jim* and of stories like 'Heart of Darkness' and 'Typhoon'. The most important part of Mr. Hewitt's book is the long analysis of what he considers Conrad's best novel—*Nostromo*.

Sweet Roman Hand. By Wilfrid Blunt.

James Barrie. 15s.

Even calligraphers are astonished by the amount of interest that is being shown nowadays in the improvement of handwriting, but it is a welcome interest. Mr. Blunt's book is not a manual of instruction but a very short history of the development of italic or chancery script, which is the Roman hand that he would like to see widespread. This account is written concisely, almost baldly; Mr. Blunt knows his subject and he might have been a little more discursive about it.

The book is profusely illustrated. There are, indeed, so many illustrations in the text that the text itself is sometimes lost and not easy to follow. Some of the illustrations are reproduced in tone on a deep grey ground which obscures the merits of the script illustrated. The satisfactory reproduction of handwriting is always difficult, however; the process of printing somehow imparts to a lively current script something of that frozen immobility seen, for example, in a photograph of a cabaret girl at the height of a high kick—a curious rigidity absent from the original manuscript. Petrified in these pages are examples of beautiful and characteristic handwriting by famous and ordinary people, ranging from Queen Elizabeth I, whose writing as a girl was exquisite and as a woman a mere 'skrating' hand, to an excellent modern chancery hand by the Hon. Robert Erskine, aged sixteen.

There are other examples of handwriting by children, taught, perhaps, by Mr. Blunt himself; and an interesting page showing the words 'Eton College' written by forty different writers, ample evidence to refute the charge that the teaching of chancery scripts suppresses character in handwriting. There is, however, no example of Mr. Blunt's own writing: a curious omission.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Something for the girls

I RECALL that once making conversation during an air raid, as one did with remarkable persistence it now seems, I idly asked a fellow victim, a chance acquaintance with a dour Doric look, whether he ever went to the cinema. 'Tcha', he roared, as I think memorably, 'women's games!' One saw what he meant, even if the man's game taking place overhead really was not so culturally preferable. What I am getting at is this: are plays for television in this crucial stage of popularisation chosen with the intention of pleasing, first, the Ladies (as they used to be called when they were)?

The conclusion, casting an eye back over the past fortnight, is that the woman's play, as it is still called sometimes, stands suspiciously high in the rather thin list of dramatic events. Perhaps the cheap and nasty horrors of 'The Mask' and the excruciatingly unfunny 'Music for Who?' were aimed at the ruder sex. But 'Autumn Crocus', 'Portugal Lady', and 'Larger than Life' are quite certainly something for the girls. In common they have the daydream factor, which may of course disappear under the wholesome influence of various 'Woman's Hour' programmes but is still sufficiently potent. Miss Autumn Crocus indeed provides at a rough estimate about two-thirds of the Continental tourist class. The perfect idyll: you are a shy, innocent, as yet unloved schoolmarm; you take a holiday in Austria and Romance, with a heavy Tyrolean accent and bare knees, rears its pretty head. He is called, in this old success, Steiner—no relation of course to Rudolf and a pre-Hitlerian choice of a patronymic on our national Dodie's part, I imagine. At any rate, Anton Diffing nicely fitted the dream part and Margaret Johnston was most appealing as the spinster-in-us-all.

And what, with the cards slightly shuffled, was 'The Portugal Lady' but the same old game in a new light? If one can't picture oneself as a schoolmarm having a romantic St. Martin's summer, surely it requires even less of

an effort of the imagination to imagine oneself as the innocent bride of the Merry Monarch, sent off with a lady-in-waiting and some very generalised advice to displace Lady Castlemaine, not to mention a good-hearted small-part actress hamming it up relentlessly as Nell Gwyn? Great fun, if we need not be too fussy about it. This was a woman's play by a woman, a clever



Scene from 'Autumn Crocus' with Anton Diffing as Steiner and Margaret Johnston as Fanny

one, Mabel Constanduros, and it made the very most of the little situation. I thought it was well produced (W. P. Rilla), that it looked reasonably authentic, though whether everyone went about all the time in full fig looking like Kneller or Lely portraits in action I am not

competent to say. Until one got too close and spied his well-known twinkle under the mass of curls, Eric Berry gave quite a plausible impersonation of Charles. Zena Marshall did believably as the lady from Braganza, about whose precise cast of face an agreeable fuss of uncertainty exists, if at all, in most minds. And there was one wholly excellent little study of a lady-in-waiting who, actually, looked like a lady, Barbara Cavan, whose view of England under Ye Merrie Monarch and 'that sort of thing' was eloquently visible in the lines around her mouth. As time wore on, I felt a bit like Miss Cavan myself. The third woman's play of the fortnight was 'Larger than Life'. I fear Mr. Maugham would be distressed to think that his cutting and anti-romantic novel had undergone such a translocation, but between the book and the play (which we saw in London some months ago) an essential essence has been allowed to evaporate. It here appears as a fairly conventional back-stage story, with a fat part for 'Julia Lambert', actress off-stage as well as on, and capable of fooling her own dresser with an assumed heart attack if need be. Jessie Royce Landis played this rewarding but essentially stock character with a most enjoyable aplomb; Betty Shale played one of those dressers who are, in life, never quite like that; and there were some rather shadowy men, with Hugh Sinclair doing his best in what is basically an unbelievable creature outside the print of Mr. Maugham's pages. It is quite evidently not boy's week, but the director, Eric Fawcett should certainly take a bow.

Perhaps the influence of the Radio Show on home viewing has been deleterious—what was transmitted thence at least earned few kind comments on such hearths as I frequent. Or should one try to think of it as an investment for the future, as the price of pioneering (a rather glum excuse, usually)? Unable to join in delight in the dancing and musical jamborees, I have diligently watched the occasional serious music telecast from the studio or a concert hall. (How long before the Proms are televised?) One such was the Edinburgh Festival Piano Quartet playing Mozart. What is one to say about this? The sound part of it



'The Portugal Lady'. Zena Marshall (seated) as Catherine, Eric Berry as Charles II, and George Colouris as Buckingham



Scene from the ballet 'Coppélia', televised on September 3. Domini Callaghan is taking the part of Swanhilda and Denys Palmer that of Franz

came through well if not superlatively well. But what is gained by seeing, at long range, or close for that matter, these music makers? I greatly admire Szigeti, but much the least impressive thing about him as man and artist is the cramped and unhappy crouching pose he adopts for chamber ensemble. He looked, with his feet elongated by some trick of the shadows, like a blue print for Disney's fiddling grasshopper. I revere Clifford Curzon, a very fine pianist, but not one I specially care to watch in action; he has pecking movements, finicky hand liftings which one accepts as part of the thing in the concert hall and does not look at. But isn't the trouble just this, that one *must* look at television? With which defiant if dubious aphorism I despairingly finish. PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

From A to Z

A STANDS FOR ALBA. 'The House of Bernarda Alba' (Third) reminded me forcibly of my favourite line from an unfortunate tragedy by Keats, 'O wretched woman! lost, wreck'd, swallowed, accursed, blasted!' It is as cheerful as that throughout, beginning with a fine bit of mixed invective and ending with midnight suicide. I felt at the close of the radio performance, as after a French rendering in London some years ago, that if there is a budding morrow in this midnight, Federico Garcia Lorca failed to show it to us. His tragedy of Spanish provincialism—it was the last of his plays—is a sultry, sable, thunder-roll of a piece (which for one listener) does not yield its lightnings. The play depends upon an unrelieved pressure of gloom: it smothers us. It said much for the producer (E. A. Harding) and his all-women cast that we would not willingly have switched off without knowing the worst. The play in translation may be no more than a protracted Grand Guignol exercise; but, spoken as it was on Sunday, it can chain the unwilling attention. Thinly acted, Bernarda and her daughters (they are on a knife-edge) would topple quickly towards burlesque: there was no fear of that in the radio performance.

It is a study in repression. The father of a Castilian household has died. The matriarch Bernarda imposes a conventual discipline upon her daughters. Here is a household of frustrated women, shut up together in the stifling Spanish heat. Above all is Bernarda Alba, crying, 'Don't think you can ride rough-shod over me; I give orders here', or else, 'In this house you'll do as I say. Needle and thread for the females; whip and mule for the males: that's how it is for people of our standing'. Clearly, something has to break under the strain. The broadcast was ruled by Gladys Young's Bernarda, who brought out a voice like a rip-saw. She was a terrifying guest on a quiet Sunday evening. Vivienne Chatterton helped to load the charged atmosphere as a crazed old woman who seemed already to have reached the haven for which the others were making.

A stands also for Apple. Shaw's 'The Apple Cart' (Home) belonged to Peter Coke as surely as the Lorca play to Gladys Young. Mr. Coke as Magnus, the King who nearly upsets the constitutional apple cart, has one of Shaw's longest speeches (after which Amanda, Postmistress-General, offers a Shavian cue for applause, 'You did speak that, piece beautifully, sir'). But there is more in the man than a single oration. He is gracefully diplomatic, among Shaw's most charming and consistent personages; and Peter Coke brought to him a voice and a mind. This actor can vary his pauses: it was a pleasure to hear him moving dexterously through the set-piece which some players take at a prolonged, hoarse, and monotonous gulp. Martyn Webster, who produced,

was wise to cut the romps of the Interlude. Without it 'The Apple Cart' is a far better play.

A for 'Autumn Crocus' (Home). I am afraid that Dodie Smith's Tyrolean idyll is beginning to wither. The broadcast text had been well pruned, but the simplicities have lost their early freshness. Marjorie Westbury, who was Shaw's Amanda, and who will probably go on now to Medea and Pollyanna by way of a change, spoke most sensitively. So did Albert Lieven. Yet I shall probably remember best the voice of Betty Hardy, as the adventurous Miss Mayne, observing, very precisely, that the cows were dashing wildly in all directions. A, too, for Austen. It is obvious already that 'Mansfield Park' (Home) is a sound choice for the Sunday-night serial. Jane Austen's ironies took the air crisply (under Mary Hope Allen's direction), and it was something of a relief to find Gladys Young out of the house of Bernarda Alba and enjoying herself, less alarmingly, as Mrs. Norris.

I am sorry to slide from A to Z. After some pleasant experiences in recent Variety, the latest 'Up the Pole' (Light) proved to be a solemn affair. 'You can't have everything', as the signature tune says; but surely we need not have such an exchange as: 'You're an umpire'.—'But I haven't got the 'ump'. The programme provided one.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry in Retrospect

I LISTEN to many more programmes than I mention and many that go unmentioned do not deserve to. This is especially the case with poetry readings. Like cars on a second-class road, they flit past at irregular intervals, sometimes a solitary one, then a bunch of two or three in succession, then none at all. There are seldom enough in a week to fill a column of criticism and it is difficult, sometimes impossible, to work them in among the travel-talks, the science, and the philosophy. And there is another difficulty: the broadcasting of poetry has reached such a high standard in the past year or two that the critic finds little or nothing to criticise. Like Othello, his 'occupation's gone', or nearly.

Looking back over my *Radio Times* for July and August, I see that I marked, listened to and ignored no less than ten poetry readings. Last week, on the other hand, owing to circumstances over which I had full control, I listened, if you will believe it, to nothing at all, and so I propose to conduct what soldiers call mopping-up operations among those neglected readings. A programme on the 'English Festival of Spoken Poetry, 1952', given on the Third Programme on August 9, was introduced by L. A. G. Strong and included recordings of readings by the winner and the runner-up in the finals of the solo classes. Both were women and they proved convincingly that excellence in poetry reading today is not confined to the B.B.C. Both showed a full appreciation of rhythm, meaning, and the poetic line, and a firm control of the emotional element in which I was aware of only one false note in the whole recital. They were equally at home in styles as different as Tennyson's magnificent 'Ulysses' and Campion's 'Follow thy fair sun', or Christina Rossetti's 'O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes' and Skelton's 'Speak, Parrot', that crabbed and cornical poem with its brilliant detail which, I should guess, was the most exacting of all. The judges must have had a ticklish job in choosing between these two readers, but, to my taste, they chose rightly.

It was John Masfield who founded this festival in 1925. Seven weeks ago we were given readings of his 'Reynard the Fox' in an abridged version. I heard Part One only, and it

came through with extraordinary freshness in Edward Chapman's full-blooded reading. I knew nothing of the work of Charles Causley before I heard the programme of his poetry read—and well read—by Noel Johnson and Betty MacDowell on July 13. Some of these were prose-poems, or so they sounded, of a tellingly descriptive sort, but even more impressive were those strictly metrical verses which made poetry out of the bare, commonplace speech of soldiers and sailors. 'Song of the Dying Gunner', for instance, with its harsh, desperate gaiety, was extraordinarily moving.

In 'Poems and Drawings (3)' Stevie Smith gave another reading, with comments, of her own poems. She is certainly great fun to listen to, but the reason why would take me too far. Stevie Smith and Bernard Shaw are not strikingly alike perhaps, except in one respect. Shaw, I have sometimes thought, attributed more to his plays, in his brilliant prefaces to them, than they actually contain, and I suspect that Stevie Smith's comments do the same for her poems.

Now and then, some of our modern poets employ their art in translation, a salutary exercise which involves the conscious exploitation of an acquired technique on a ready-made theme. Terence Tiller, Robert Conquest, and James Kirkup have recently enlivened the tearful Lamartine with a success that does them credit. Alan Wheatley read the translations beautifully and perhaps I ought not to complain if, here and there, he added a tear of his own to those already liberally supplied by Lamartine and his translators.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

The Hamburg Opera

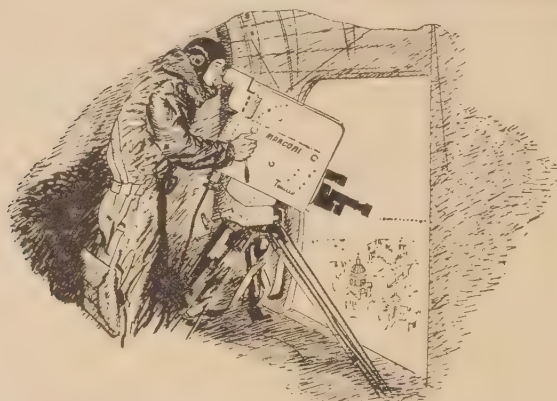
OF THE SIX GERMAN OPERAS presented by the Hamburg Opera at the Edinburgh Festival, Hindemith's 'Mathis der Maler' naturally held the greatest interest for musicians, and its performance was, indeed, impressive, in spite of some obvious blemishes in the singing. If many of the general public and, I regret to say, some of my colleagues found it a bore, they have only themselves and the Festival Society to blame. For there are few works which more completely upset the theory that one can go to an unknown opera unprepared with knowledge of what it is about, and appreciate it to the full. To a German audience, no doubt, Albrecht von Brandenburg and his stand against Luther is as familiar a subject as is Wolsey's quarrel with Henry VIII to literate Englishmen, while Mathias Grünewald's Isenheim altar-piece is a revered masterpiece of German art, acquaintance with which is helpful, if not essential, to an understanding of Hindemith's libretto. But to a British audience these things are strange and, when presented in a foreign tongue, unintelligible. So a preliminary study of the text, if not of the music, was really necessary and would have brought the reward of much enjoyment. The Festival Society missed an opportunity by failing to educate the audience with some preliminary information about the opera.

'Mathis' suffers from the truly German earnestness with which Hindemith tackles his large subject. But the subject itself—the artist's place in society and the relation of his personal experience to his creations—is sufficiently interesting to outweigh occasional *longueurs* in its presentation. Hindemith's most remarkable achievement seems to me to be the creation in the character of Mathis himself of a figure whom we can accept as a great artist. For the convincing presentation of such a personality is notoriously rare both in fiction and in drama.

Much has been said about Hindemith's 'busy' counterpoint, and it is true that his music is sometimes confusingly intricate, while the vocal

MARCONI

serves mankind



In 1896 it was said, with prophetic brevity, "Signor Marconi has produced . . . a new system of telegraphy which will reach places hitherto inaccessible." And even today the future of wireless cannot be finally foreseen. The first television broadcast from overseas (featuring Calais Town Hall) and the first television programme from the air were both made with Marconi cameras. These and other recent television developments are but the latest steps on the road which Marconi was the first to tread.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY LTD • MARCONI HOUSE • CHELMSFORD • ESSEX

THE WAY to a BIGGER SALARY

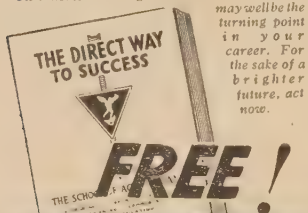


If you are sincere in your determination to earn a bigger salary, the vital question you have to ask is "How can I best get the specialized training which I know I need?" There is a way—profitable and fascinating—through the Home Study Courses of The School of Accountancy.

The School's Courses in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Cost Accountancy, Management, etc., have led thousands of former students to positions as Directors, Managers, Chief Accountants, Company Secretaries, Cost Accountants, Works Managers, Office Managers, Auditors, Stores Controllers, etc.

Send for this 112-page Guide to Careers.

Read it. Spend one evening quietly in your own home thinking about your future. It may well be the turning point in your career. For the sake of a brighter future, act now.



Thousands have made in two years the progress which otherwise would have taken ten.

The top men in innumerable concerns to-day were School of Accountancy-trained 10, 20—even 40 years ago. The bigger-salaried men of the future are now being trained by The School of Accountancy. Why step aside whilst other men step ahead? You, too, can make your future secure. Let your action to-day be evidence that you seek and deserve success.

The School of Accountancy

112 pages on "How to Get on"

This famous Guide to Careers is detailed, authoritative, and fully documented. It explains where the opportunities are, the qualifications needed, and how they can be obtained.

161 Regent House, 6 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. And at Glasgow.

Please send me Post Free and without obligation, a copy of your Guide to Careers, "The Direct Way to Success."

Name

Address

Unruffled... Silvifix Hair Cream will keep your hair under perfect control—even in life's most strenuous moments. And without gumming or greasiness! Highly concentrated, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Silvifix is made for those who prefer something just a little better than the ordinary.

4/6 a jar, including tax.



writing tends to fall into short rhythmic patterns. Yet out of this dry texture a quite surprising depth of human feeling flows, and both Ursula and Regina have their expansive lyrical scenes. Musically the most notable achievement comes at the end—in the scene between St. Anthony (Mathis) and St. Paul (Albrecht), which might so easily have been an anti-climax to the Temptation, and in the last tableau depicting Regina's death and Mathis' farewell to work and life.

Unhappily, apart from Elfriede Wasserthal's beautiful and dignified performance as Ursula and Anneliese Rothenberger's touching Regina, the singing was generally poor. So, although in the theatre one was moved by the fine acting of

Mathieu Ahlsmeyer as Mathis, I fancy that the listener at home must have found his rough tone and approximations to the text somewhat trying. The company is, like most opera companies, weak in tenors, as might be heard also in 'Fidelio', which was further handicapped by Leonora being in the throes of a cold and by a conductor who is not entirely free from the vices of 'prima-donnaism'. Fortunately 'Der Rosenkavalier' benefits by good showmanship and 'Mathis' does not lend itself to showing-off. So in these operas the Hamburg Orchestra was heard to good advantage. It seemed to have improved in quality of tone, perhaps having gauged the theatre's acoustics, since the opening week.

'Der Rosenkavalier' was given an excellent all-round performance with Theo Hermann's Ochs standing out as an exceptionally fine piece of work. He has been set beside the late Richard Mayr, and certainly his clear and rapid enunciation and, apart from some lack of resonance on the low notes, his fine voice made the comparison reasonable. But Mayr had a greater command of fine shades of expression. His handling of the passage where he puts two and two ('Octavian—Mariandel—die Marschallin') together is on record as evidence. And I cannot imagine Mayr making the blunder of singing 'ohne mich' instead of 'mit mir' in the last bars of Act II.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Chamber Music of Ernest Bloch

By ALAN FRANK

Bloch's Piano Quintet in C will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Thursday, September 11, his First Quartet at 9.5 p.m. on Monday, September 15, his Second at 7.5 p.m. on Wednesday, September 17 (all Third)

MUCH of the best of Bloch's work is to be found in his chamber music: it is doubtful, indeed, whether he has written anything finer than the Piano Quintet, one of the few outstanding works for this medium since Brahms. The two string quartets equally are considerable works, just lacking perhaps the range and firmness which make the Quintet so memorable and attractive a composition. Bloch's chamber music includes, besides these three works, two violin and piano sonatas, a Suite for viola and piano (later and better for viola and orchestra), and some shorter descriptive pieces for string quartet. His leaning towards strings, and especially towards the string quartet, will be noted: he himself was trained in his younger days as a violinist under Ysaye, and possesses—or did up to a few years ago—an extraordinary gymnastic ability and a technique able to cope with every note of his Violin Concerto. His superb understanding of string writing is always evident in his work.

There are those who find Bloch's more markedly Jewish compositions, such as *Schelomo* and the Israel Symphony, oppressively gloomy at times, and detect therein a wailing, even hysterical quality: it is a valid criticism that occasionally the intense and passionate rhetoric of Bloch, the Hebrew spokesman, overwhelms the discipline and even the invention of Bloch, the musician. Working within the relatively cooler confines, and the pure forms, of a chamber-music medium such as the string quartet, Bloch found a perhaps salutary curb to too much indulgence in the fervent, emotional expression of his deeply personal, religious, and racial feelings. It cannot be said that his major chamber works are purged of such feelings, or that they are tepid emotionally—on the contrary, they are intensely charged and at times violent works: but there is also apparent, notably in the Second Quartet, a counterbalancing play of a masterly intellect and a resourceful, ingenious musician.

The two string quartets date from 1916 and 1946, the First being partly written in Geneva, and partly in what was to be Bloch's country of residence, America. The plans of the two works present some similarities. Each is in four movements, running roughly (a) an opening movement of slow or moderate tempo, thoughtful and rather tenuous in mood, (b) a violent, energetic fast movement, (c) a slow movement, (d) a fast finale, but with a highly characteristic slow epilogue, such as is also to be found—a most beautiful example—at the end of the Piano

Quintet and of the first Violin Sonata. Each quartet, further, uses a short motto theme.

The restrained opening movement of the First Quartet is followed by a ferocious allegro with complex changes of time signature, hardly ever remaining constant from bar to bar. Bloch's frenzied thoughts, which he admits to have arisen through his horror at the outbreak of the first world war, seem almost to burst the bounds of the quartet medium here: within one short section, the following indications occur in the score—*frenetico, martellato, marcato, furioso, feroce, strepitoso*. Parenthetically it may be pointed out, and is a possible criticism, that in the First Violin Sonata, both the first and last movements start with page after page of music marked at least *f*, with both instruments fully—if not more than fully—employed. The following slow movement of the Quartet, headed *pastorale*, provides our ears with welcome relief before we are plunged back into the stress and agitation of the finale.

The Second String Quartet has a twofold association with this country. It is dedicated to a Birmingham musician, Alex Cohen, an old friend of Bloch's and one of the earliest enthusiasts for his music. Also, it was first performed by the Griller String Quartet (and it may be appropriate to mention in passing that Bloch has recently completed a Third String Quartet, written especially for the Griller team, who will give its first performance next January, in New York). The Second Quartet, in which the thematic relationship between movements is far more complex than in the first, and indeed is one of its most striking features, has its moods of stress too, especially in the second movement. These are tempered by the calm of the opening movement and by the formal control shown in the last movement, which is a *tour de force* of construction. A short rhythmic allegro opens this last movement, using a completely altered form of the motto theme, but suggesting also another theme with a prominent leap of a major seventh. The latter theme becomes clearly recognisable, augmented, as the basis of the *passacaglia* which follows: it has been, we realise, the main subject of both the second and third movements, yet it assumes fresh impetus on each of its transformations, of which its use in the *passacaglia* is not the last. For again it motivates the next section of the work, a fugue of remarkable vigour. In both *passacaglia* and fugue suggestions of the motto appear, and in the last two bars of the calm epilogue it is heard high on the first violin. This is a most exciting

quartet movement, and by its craftsmanship alone compels our admiration.

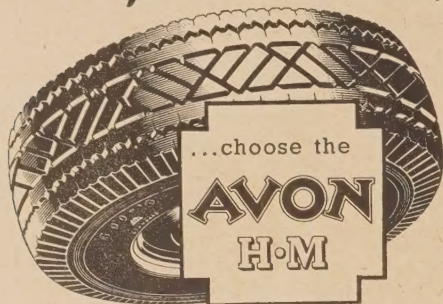
The other outstanding example of Bloch's chamber music is the Piano Quintet, which appeared between the two quartets, having been completed in Cleveland in 1923. It is an approachable and relatively clear-cut work, both thematically and constructionally. At the time of its composition, it acquired an adventitious renown through its employment of quarter-tones; in fact these are used for the most part incidentally, and only rarely within a theme (as in the second subject of the first movement, whose veiled quality is thereby enhanced). Throughout its three movements, the Quintet is a colourful and highly effective work, more economic than is much of Bloch's writing, yet full-sounding: there is never a miscalculation in the blending of piano and strings.

Despite the quality of these works, not to speak of his music other than in the field of chamber music, the status of Bloch today is a somewhat curious one. His reputation here before the 1939 war was extremely high, probably as high as that of Bartók, and surely higher than Hindemith's. An Ernest Bloch Society was started in London in 1937 and his music was frequently heard. Since the war his reputation does not seem to have grown as has that of both Bartók (spectacularly) and Hindemith. One feels that he is to younger listeners today a respected figure still, but a remote one, and that his music is less known than it was in the nineteen-thirties. The chance to hear, or re-hear, the two quartets is welcome, and listeners will not fail to be moved by the force and conviction of the musical thinking which these works display. It is to be hoped that other opportunities of hearing Bloch's major works will arise, so that a reevaluation may be made of a composer whose individuality cannot be questioned, but whose importance in twentieth-century music is not easy to assess.

Is there in at least some of his music a too constant and obsessive vein of protest for our present-day taste? It is arguable that in the last fifteen years or so all of us have undergone our private rebellion against the stress and suffering that this period has brought, and that it is therefore permissible to seek in our art for something broader, less limited than a spirit of harsh protest, to seek perhaps for a companionable warmth rather than a fanatical heat. It is no reflection on Bloch's achievement to suggest that his music often generates more of the latter than of the former.



but for **higher mileage**



It **LOWERS** the cost of motoring!

"To look **YOUNGER** and live **LONGER** Everyone over 40 should take Vitamin-Mineral Capsules"

says World Famous Authority

But even young people need extra vitamins, especially growing children. In England, and all over the world, VYKMIN is prescribed as the vitamin-mineral supplement because it contains such a high potency of the 6 vitamins and 5 minerals which are indispensable to good health, a youthful body and a happy mind. VYKMIN contains all the necessary vitamins—those in cod and halibut liver oil, in whole wheat, brewers' yeast, treacle, yoghurt, eggs, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, plus the important minerals.

The capsules are guaranteed to contain the following (also indicated on the box):

Vitamin A for eyes, skin and resistance.
Vitamin D for teeth and bone.
Vitamin E for strength and nerves.
Vitamin B₁ for appetite and nervous stomach.
Vitamin B₂ (riboflavin) for appetite, nerves, brain vigour and skin.
Vitamin C for gums and skin, anaemia prevention and blood.

Plus Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Manganese and Iodine.

The minerals and vitamins in only 2 VYKMIN capsules, added to the limited vitamin intake of the average diet, more than make up for the daily vitamin mineral deficiency. **One Month's Supply 8/9. Two Weeks' Supply 4/9.** Obtainable at Chemists, Boots and Timothy Whites. Roberts Pharmaceutical Laboratories Limited, 128 Baker Street, London, W.1.

Vyckmin COMBINED COMPLEX **VITAMIN MINERAL CAPSULES**

Two **Steeple**

Hosiery, Underwear
& Sportswear for men

Our famous

Darcuna

UNDERWEAR
is again available



Health & Happiness with your help.

5,000 Girls and Boys
now in our care
68,000 already received

A VOLUNTARY SOCIETY
STILL NEEDING YOUR HELP

DONATIONS and LEGACIES gratefully
received by the Secretary

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**

(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)
Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11

Esperanto

TO know Esperanto, the neutral international language, is to take an active part in the cause of world peace and understanding. It enables you to make "pen-friends" all over the world and to meet them and talk to them on common ground.

A correspondence course, including textbook, dictionary and correction of exercises, costs only 10s.

Send stamp for full details:

BRITISH ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION INC.
Dept. L12d., 140 Holland Park Avenue,
London, W.11.

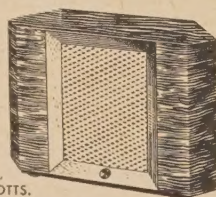
It costs
so little to
enjoy radio
in any room

Your present set can give you listening in any room you choose—simply plug in a Stentorian. Enjoy radio in the kitchen, bedroom or workshop for as little as 60/-.

Stentorian EXTENSION

SPEAKERS

Ask your
dealer



WHITELEY
ELECTRICAL
RADIO CO. LTD.,
MANSFIELD • NOTTS.

DUST IS THE ENEMY of every watch!
AS IF HERMETICALLY SEALED, the specially designed case protects the **CYMA TRIPLEX** and makes this model completely DUSTPROOF.

Other **CYMA** Watches—WATERPROOF, SELF-WINDING and conventional styles—all will give a lifetime of accurate timekeeping. In gold, stainless steel and chrome at prices from £14 to £40.

Ask any good jeweller to show you **CYMA**.

Product of TAVANNES, imported by H. GOLAY & SON LTD., London

CYMA

One of Switzerland's finest watches

The **CYMA TRIPLEX** DUSTPROOF shock-absorber, anti-magnetic, 16-jewelled precision movement. In steel and luminous case. £15.10.0. Sweep-second model. £16.10.0.

YORK BOWEN



The Renowned
Pianist and
Composer

ONE OF
THE MANY
PIANISTS
USING

**CHAPPELL
PIANOS**

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

RECIPES FROM DENMARK

SANDWICHES AND Hans Christian Andersen are completely tangled in the memories a holiday maker brings back from a first visit to the friendly and hospitable country of Denmark. At all hours and in infinite variety the Danish sandwich makes its gay appearance. They are not two pieces of bread clapped together with something in between, but one piece of bread with many good things heaped upon the top.

At your next 'finger-food' party you could experiment with some unusual mixtures: smoked eel (we can buy it in London again now) mixed with scrambled egg; pickled herring with sliced rings of raw onion; liver sausage with thin, crisp bacon and stewed mushrooms; a wonderful mixture of chopped anchovies, hard-boiled egg, beetroot, capers, cheese, and circles of onion, or a 'Hans Andersen Favourite', with bacon, tomatoes, liver paste, meat-jelly, and scraped horse-radish.

You can safely say that almost all good, savoury things find their way on to Danish open sandwiches, and almost every known variety of bread, crispbread, and biscuit forms a base for one of them.

At Elsinore I ate Danish red cabbage for the first time. We do not eat red cabbage nearly enough over here; it is such a change in winter when, after all, there are not many vegetables to choose from. The Danish variety has a delicate, sweet-sour flavour and is very nourishing.

In Denmark, pancakes are folded over black-currant jam and topped with cream—a varia-

tion on a familiar theme which is completely succulent, more especially if you have managed to make a little of your own black-currant jam. The last luxurious Danish touch to this sweet is to pour a spoonful of cherry brandy over the pancakes just before serving. This liqueur can once more be bought in this country in miniature bottles.

FRANCES DALE

DAMSON CHEESE

To make damson cheese you choose sound, ripe fruit, well washed. Put it in your preserving pan: and three parts cover it with cold water. Bring the fruit to the boil and simmer it until it is soft. Then rub the pulp through a sieve, weigh it, and put it in a clean pan. Next, stir in an equal weight of sugar. Stir till this is dissolved. Then boil the fruity mush gently for about an hour—stirring all the time, for it catches easily. Pot and cover your damson cheese. And, by the way, it stiffens with keeping.

RUTH DREW

WASHING NYLON

There are one or two questions I know people are asking about washing nylon. For example, what temperature should the washing water be? The answer is hot—as hot as your hands can stand. The rinsing water must be hot, too. And nylon needs thorough rinsing: if soap is left in it, it is inclined to look a bit dull—white nylon looks greyish. And there is another reason

why some white nylon discolours—goes rather yellow: this is apt to happen if you dry it too near a fire, or right in the rays of the hot sun. Then, *soaking* . . . is there any virtue in soaking nylon fabrics? No, there is not. There is no need to soak at all. Dirt comes away very quickly because it does not work into the fibres of the material—it just sits on the surface waiting to be washed off. And, by the way, there is no need to treat a nylon fabric delicately in the wash-tub—it is nearly as strong when it is wet as it is when it is dry. And there is no reason why it should not go into a washing machine.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

RICCARDO ARAGNO (page 405): London correspondent of the Turin daily newspaper, *La Stampa*

DR. ALLAN FRASER (page 415): Lecturer in Animal and Dairy Husbandry, Aberdeen University; author of *Farming for Beef* (edited by H. C. Long), *Sheep Farming*, etc.

PETER FLOUD (page 417): Keeper of the Circulation Department, Victoria and Albert Museum

DR. DONALD MACKEY (page 419): Lecturer in Physics, King's College, London University

MATTHEW HODGART (page 420): Lecturer in English Literature, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge

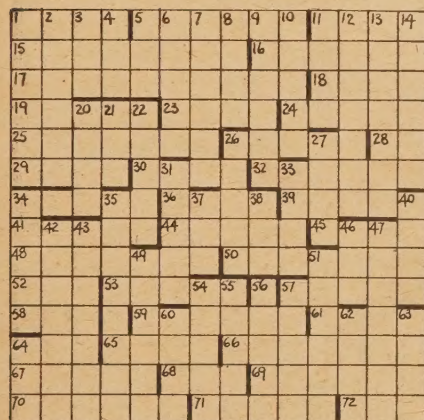
Crossword No. 1,167.

Over The Styx.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 18



Only the consonants of the answers are to be written in the diagram: the vowels are generously supplied in parenthesis and in correct order. Steeds, owners and riders are historical or literary, and correctly paired.

Our Sports 58A (c i o) 32A (i e) the entries for the Stygian Steeplechase. Tartarus, Thursday. I put 1A (e i e) first, the 52A (e) nowhere. Owner 38D (o e y), with Hibernian 59A (i o e e e), says that without wishing to 62D (i u) the 8D (a a i y) of 35D (a e o e), if 1A (e i e), owing to some 69A (o e i), fails to win, he will eat not only his 47D (o e i e a), but also his 13D (a o a i) coat.

19A (i a i) is a dark horse, silent as 29A (i), his rider, who always wears 5A (e o e o) 14D (a o e). He will start well, but 3D (e e) out if the light improves.

48A (e i o), who is to ride his own 1D (o e a e), has brought a whole 6D (e i e) of grooms, headed by a 67A (o o a) who gives a 10D (e) to the horse or a bag of 25A (i e u) to his golden 57A (e i e e) or a bottle of 66A (a) to himself with equally 54D (e u i) countenance.

50A (o i), who has entered 12D (i e a), 33D (o e) great 55D (a i o y) on his arrival here. Being absolutely 7D (e i o), he cannot afford fodder 9D (a e e) by an 45A (a a y), but gathers his own wild oats, a 43D (two words, o i a y e a), and offers them to 12D (i e a) from a 26A (a u) as though it were a 53A (o u o i a). 12D (i e a) little 41A (e i e) such fare, but must eat something to fill the 20D (i y) 56D (o a i y) within. 50A (o i) will sign anyone's autograph 68A (a u) for sixpence. By such 15A (e i o i) methods he ekes out the proceeds from his 3D (o e y).

If 31D (e e o) can win with 31D (o e i e) there will not be a single 39A (e e), e'en in the ranks of 27D (u a y). He has been trying to reach her the three R's in 64A (e o), but she's a bit of an ass, and 2D (e e i) is not her 21D (o e).

34D (e e a) is awake to the fact that his 44A (a o) is not a flier. On arrival 44A (a o) 18A (i e) into his box 40D (a e) like a skater sent off in an 5D (i e a e).

22D (a u) is a 64A (o a e), and is coughing badly, despite the use of an 30A (a o i e). It takes a lot to 58A (e e) 24A (a i e), but his 52A (e e) heel makes him 46D (a e) than his horse.

King 40D (a u) has had bad luck with 46D (a i). The horse has been bitten by a 61A (a i e), and the blood 11A (e u e) to 60D (o a u a e). To say that this 16A (e o a) has caused 34A (e a e) around the table, is to 70A (u e a e) things.

Quercus tales are told of the owner of 11D (e), 63D (u u), popularly known as 52A (u y), is said to be a student of 4D (u i) lore. He has a pet 64D (a o o) (procyonides) from N. America, which follows him with 36A (o i e) devotion, and also keeps a tame Indian 65A (u e) in one of the 23A (i e) of the Styx. The 64D (a o o) can hug, and the 65A (u e), being secret, is also a hugger. When 'tis 26D (i i), 63D (u u) also keeps a Carolingian tove. He chooses his jockeys in rotation from a company of 21D (o y) 57D (a e), but what's in a name?

37D (a a i) is always saying, '28A (o a)' to his 49D (i o e), but no one knows 28A (y). The horse always 11A (e u e), and 37D (a a i) has many a 71A (o u i o) on his 72A (a a o y) in consequence. An 42D (i a e) pair! Copyright reserved by Underworld 17A (i e o u i a i o), Inc.

Solution of No. 1,165

Prizewinners:

1st prize: C. R.

Satterthwaite (Al-

ton); 2nd prize:

L. V. Stanhope

(Manchester); 3rd

prize: L. E.

Thomas (Bangor)

J	U	P	E	R	E	N	G	A	D	I	N	E	
O	N	A	G	U	L	P	E	N	R	E	C	U	L
H	O	L	I	D	A	Y	M	O	O	N	E	R	S
A	M	B	R	I	N	R	O	H	T	Y	S	A	
N	R	E	B	E	T	T	E	I	N	T	E	B	
N	O	R	D	E	N	D	S	A	P	E	T	E	
I	M	M	E	R	U	M	O	R	A	L	L		
S	W	I	S	T	E	R	A	B	R	U	V	I	P
B	O	N	I	G	E	N	T	I	L	L	O		
E	R	A	G	A	M	S	T	E	G	E	O	N	E
R	M	O	N	T	A	E	N	T	A	P	A		
E	S	T	A	D	O	B	A	P	L	A	N		
E	V	O	L	E	N	E	E	T	I	T	L	E	
R	O	O	P	S	A	R	N	E	Z	O	U	Z	

NOTES

18. MOONLIGHTERS. 25. (BERN)STEIN. 1D+68D Produced at Sion in Rhone Valley. 2. Kipling's 'Rimini'. 10. Tennyson's 'Coming of Arthur'. 11. Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra'. 41. 'Hamlet'. 48. Pope's 'Essay on Man'.

CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Study at Home and Pass

your examination

Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894) successfully prepares candidates by post for the under-mentioned examinations, and for many others:

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

London, Oxford, Cambridge, the Northern, and other Universities.

LONDON UNIVERSITY

Degrees and Diplomas.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Responsions, etc.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

Previous, etc.

LAW: TEACHING

ORDINATION, THEOLOGY, LAY READERS

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

ACCOUNTANCY, SECRETARYSHIP

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE DIPLOMA

for Youth Employment Officers.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION

INCORPORATED STATISTICIANS

BOOKSELLERS' DIPLOMA

Write for Prospectus

of Wolsey Hall Postal Courses to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE91.

**WOLSEY HALL
OXFORD**

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.

Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Vice-Principal: ARNOLD SAXELBYE, M.A.CAMB., B.A.LOND.

Arts Director:

P. G. HALL,
M.A.CAMB.



Science Director:

GEORGE WALKER,
PH.D.CAMB., M.SC.SYD.

LONDON UNIVERSITY and other EXAMINATIONS

U.C.C., founded in 1887, prepares students for London University Entrance requirements, and the Intermediate and Degree examinations, M.A., various Diplomas and Certificates; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, Teachers' Diplomas, Professional Preliminary exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Government, Engineering, etc. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors, and the moderate tuition fees may be paid by instalments if desired.

From 1920-1951 more than **34,000** U.C.C.
students passed London University examinations.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE—WRITE TO US

Are you one of those people who have always wanted to write...who perhaps have tried but feel they need someone to "show them the ropes"? If you are, then send a story, article or anything you've written to The London School of Journalism for expert advice and criticism.

The LSJ, founded over 30 years ago under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors, can teach you by post, individually, privately, in your own time, just how to create plots, how to give your stories the professional touch, and more important still, where to sell them. Editors want new material and will pay well. The LSJ can start you on the road to a really pleasurable and profitable pastime.

There are correspondence courses in Journalism, Article Writing, Short Stories, Poetry and Radio Plays. Also courses in Literature written by L. A. G. Strong and History by J. Hampden Jackson. Fees are low and there is no time limit. Your tutors are themselves successful writers—with years of valuable experience behind them.

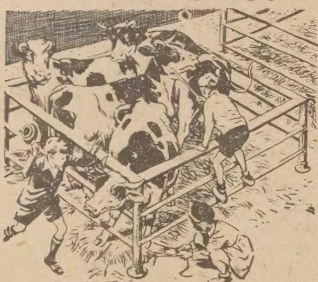
"WRITING FOR THE PRESS" tells you all about the courses of the London School of Journalism and will be sent FREE on request.

Apply to Chief Secretary:

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
MUSEUM 4574

"There are LSJ students all over the world"

STOP children tormenting animals in markets!



Excited children do not always realise that their light-hearted teasing can produce real terror in a confined animal with consequent risk of severe injury.

For the sake of the boys and girls, as well as for the animals' sake, the R.S.P.C.A. wishes to close markets to children. Meanwhile the Society's Inspectors do all they can to prevent animal suffering... but they cannot be everywhere at once. More inspectors are very badly needed.

Please help to increase their numbers by sending a donation or keeping a collecting box. Write today to the Chief Secretary, (Dept. L), 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Remember the **RSPCA**

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination: B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, &c.

Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c., and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 58,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D111).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

FREE

A VALUABLE BOOK

which details the Training offered by E.M.I. Institutes—the only Postal College which is part of a world-wide Industrial Organisation. Our Home Study courses include Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Commercial Salesmanship, Office Organisation, Book-keeping, Journalism, Business Management, Economics, Civil Service.

E.M.I. INSTITUTES, associated with H.M.V., MARCONIPHONE, COLUMBIA, etc.

POST NOW TO: E.M.I. INSTITUTES, Dept. 183, 43 Grove Park Road, London, W.4. Please send free book.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

IC100

EXAMINATION CANDIDATES!

You are coached by
until you pass



I.C.S. Students are coached without extra fee until they pass. Many brilliant successes are gained each year. Fields covered include most of the recognised professional, technical, commercial, educational, and civil service examinations. Fees are moderate and include all books required. Generous discount to H.M. Forces.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET giving full details of YOUR examination or non-examination subject.

**INTERNATIONAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**
Dept. 113B, 71 KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

THE COLLEGE OF ESTATE MANAGEMENT

St. Alban's Grove, Kensington, W.8.

Courses of one year's duration in preparation for the examination of:—

The Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors (Land Agency Sub-Division).

The Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute.

The Land Agents' Society.

University of London Degrees of B.Sc. (Estate Management).

Day and evening Courses for the Professional Examination commence in April, and Day Courses for the B.Sc. Degree, in October. Also Postal Courses for all the above Examinations of 12, 18 and 24 months duration.

Applications to: The Secretary,
Telephone: Western 1546.

Write for Profit

Make a Second Income in Spare Time

If you are interested in article and short story writing as a profitable hobby, you should send today for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer," which gives details of the widely recommended literary courses conducted by the Regent Institute.

New Writers Wanted

This informative booklet reveals that spare-time writing offers a great field of opportunity and that editors are constantly on the look-out for fresh talent. Other contents include:

What Editors Want—Typical Subjects—Openings for the Short Story Writer—Writing for Broadcasting—Opportunities for the Woman Writer—Writing as the Ideal Hobby—Free Criticism Offer—Famous Contributors—1,500 Publications Buy R.I. Students' Work.

Earning While Learning

There are many people who, as a result of applying for this booklet, have been enabled to earn considerable sums in leisure hours.

Some pupils earn the fee many times over while learning. One student reports: "I have sold twenty-five articles and three short stories and had two talks broadcast."

★ Send for FREE BOOKLET

Take the first step today. Write to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJ29A), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer." There is no obligation.